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The Vanishment of Gulnare;

A THRILLING TALE OF THE COPPER REGION

By William T. Bartwick

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CHAPTER I.

THE DANCE AT BOODY'S.

"YOU are a liar!"

The short and caustic word was flung viciously from the heavy lips of an angry lumberjack.

Grant Stynch had been a lake sailor, miner, cowpuncher and boss on a lumber job. His present employment was a problematical. He came to Boody's dance full of fighting whisky and had all the evening been in a quarrelsome mood.

"You must behave yourself or get out," said Dave Boody, who was running the dance and was himself a hard man in a fistic encounter.

Stynch eyed the sturdy, strong-limbed Canadian, with a leering smile.

"Why, I'm on parol," said he. "You're me ars friends."

"Friends, Grant, on condition that you behave yourself."

"That's all right, Dave, that's all right, but I ain't goin' for let even a gal spit on me an' take it good natured, not by a blame sight."

Boody made no attempt to learn what it was all about. He knew that Stynch was of a quarrelsome disposition; in fact the cowpuncher bully had made his brags that he would break up Boody's dance. The proprietor of the boarding house walked aside just as a willowy female form swept into the distorted vision of Stynch.

"Hey, you there, gal!" yelled the bully, flinging out a hand as if to detain the girl. She flashed him a contemptuous glance, flung at him the one word "Coward!" and passed on.

It was then that the words opening our story fell from the lips of Grant Stynch. He struggled to follow the girl, but a hand was put forth to detain him.

"Stand back, you scoundrel!"

A pair of gray eyes flashed indignant defiance into the face of the Northwest bully. The muscles in the big neck swelled, the face reddening visibly as a boyish young fellow faced and defied him.

"She called me a coward," stated the man. "I won't take that from nobody."

"She?"

"That sinckup Silene——"

"Silene Davis. Have you dared——"

"Hold on there, Irl, don't mix it with that cuss here before the ladies," cried a warning voice. "This isn't a place for drunken rioting."

"No," admitted the boyish young fellow, turning half about to meet the bland, smiling face of a gentleman, whose cut of clothes marked him as at least ten per cent above the throng in Boody's parlors. "I know, Mr. McForce, but he called her a liar—the low-down hound."

"Take that, you dog!"

A staggering blow across the jaw sent the speaker whirling backward into the arms of the interrupter.

"No, no, you must not fight here," cried McForce, folding his arms about the youth, rendering him helpless while the big Stynch raised in several savage blows.

"There, Stynch, hold up. That's sufficient," warned McForce. "Can't you see, he's knocked out all right?"

This was true. Taken at a disadvantage, Irl Wallace had been pummeled into insensibility. The ruffian would have proceeded to do even further damage had not a cocked derringer in the hand of the tall McForce sent him back with oaths of dismay.

"So ye take his part, do ye, Eildow McForce, I thought——"

"No matter what you thought, you big lubber," came the sharp retort. "You are a coward to strike a man after he is down."

"But, look-a-here——"

"Not another word, Stynch. Get out before I let daylight through your measly hide. Go, now, go!"

The muzzle of the derringer cowed the big lumberjack. He retreated and fell backward into the night.

A crowd gathered about McForce, who still clasped his arm about the white and bleeding boy, fanning him with his hat.

"Who did it?"

"What was it about?"

"Go about your business all of you," warned the tall, sallow, yet not unhandsome, Eldow McForce. A faint smile touched his mustached visage as he carried the victim of Stynch's vicious blows into an adjoining room.

Here several men sat smoking.

Questions and ejaculations flew thick and fast while Eldow laid his burden upon a narrow lounge under an open window.

"Be quiet everybody," urged McForce. "It's nothing only a bit of a raw. Keep still can't you? Don't let the ladies hear of this. The dance mustn't be broken up. Gentlemen, this is her night, her birthday fete, and I won't allow anything unpleasant to mar it—understand?"

To be sure they understood; every man there knew that what McForce put forward went in that town. He was the chief fugler at the Lickspur Mine. His word was of as much import as that of the head man of the firm, old Gabriel Lickspur himself.

After the room was cleared, for this had been ordered by the boss of Lickspur Mine, that worthy sprang up, glanced keenly about, then put his head through the open window and called a name softly.

A man came up in the outer darkness and whispered a few words.

"You understand, Stynch?" finally concluded the mine boss.

"Yaas, captain, I'll let it pass fur now."

McForce crept back into the room, lit a cigar and sat down in a big old mission rocker. Although in the copper country, there were many evidences of civilization to be seen in this boarding house, where many mill hands and miners found a home.

For some time McForce smoked in silence. The big parlor lamp sent forth its dimmed rays, filling the room with a white glow. The eyes of the boss rested on the face of the man on the lounge. That face, now pale and ghastly from its smear of blood and swollen features, was one to carry in mind a long time. It was the face of a boyish young fellow who undoubtedly belonged to a good family.

"I'm sorry it had to be done," muttered the watcher in an undertone. "The little cuss was making himself quite too familiar with my preempted preserves. I'll take no interference from anybody, much less from a boy like Irl Wallace."

Music swelled in tremulous melody from another room. The rasp of dancing feet, broken now and then by the shrill cry of the violinist as he called the numbers, came to the ear of the smoker.

Sitting there in the little room, under the glow of the parlor lamp, this master mind of Lickspur deserves more than passing notice. He was a man of thirty years, slender to attenuation, with sallow, narrow-drawn face and deepset, greenish eyes. A thick thatch of well oiled black hair glistened above narrow yet high brows.

Eldow McForce was a man to be reckoned with. Every person who came in contact with him found it so. His strength lay rather in manipulation than by bold and daring plunges. The Lickspur folks had learned this well, and trusted their manager to the uttermost.

The man had a way with him that held in abeyance anything like rebellion on the part of those under him. Many times when the strikes all about had set the hearts of the mine owners trembling this man McForce had smoothed out the wrinkles, soothed the sores, and dissipated every murmur of discontent, sending the business purling along its wonted channel, unruffled by the storm raging in other quarters.

The smoke was thick in the room. The air seemed hardly fit for the strongest lungs. There on the lounge lay that silent, battered youth, with no one to aid him in his need.

A door creaked on its unoiled hinges.

McForce glanced aside to see some one entering—a willowy, graceful figure, gowned in some fleecy gray that fitted its wearer to perfection.

"Silene, go back!"

The man half rose as he met the mute glow of a pair of magnificent brown eyes. The swelling bosom rose and fell as the girl stood there confronting the mine boss.

"There has been trouble," said she, still holding him with the fixity of her gaze.

"It's nothing," said he with a laugh. "This is the smoking room——"

"And fit only for swine," she broke in, tossing her head till the Titian strands of hair danced in the lampglow. "I know your habits, Eldow. I did not come here to call upon you in a social way; I am not fool enough to even respect your frailties. What I wish to know is about that fracas——"

"It passed without anybody being hurt. Let it go."

The man rose swiftly and placed himself between the girl and the lounge. He was anxious to save her from a sight that might prove troublesome.

"Please go, Silene," he urged. "I will talk with you later. Are you enjoying your birthday dance? You ought to, with such a great crowd, such gallant gentlemen and fair maidens to grace it. I for one have been most happy."

"No doubt," with a faint sneer that ill befitted the pouting red lips. "It has been a swine's paradise!"

"Silene, why will you talk so?" he demanded angrily. "I have tried my best to see that only nice people were here."

"Such as your friends Gizart and Stynch, beasts of the lowest order!"

"They were not invited, not expected. I did my best——"

"To see that I was a subject of insult."

The brown eyes fairly blazed.

"Silene, you are cynical, bitter, illogical. You must not talk——"

"Where is Irl?" she suddenly demanded.

"Irl! It has gone so far then?" with a vicious frown. "Silene, don't you know that that boy, that hothead, got the dose he was seeking when Stynch thrashed him tonight?"

"Where is he—Irl Wallace? I asked you that, Eldow?"

"Do not know. Gone off to fill up with more poor whisky no doubt."

"Oh, you prevaricator!"

And then her eyes swept past the man to the form on the lounge. This stirred and groaned. The boy was returning to consciousness. Silene went past the Lickspur boss and fell to her knees beside battered and bleeding Irl Wallace. She lifted his head in the crook of her rounded arm, gazed in baffling dismay at his terribly battered features, gazed and shuddered.

"Irl, speak! Tell me what has happened!"

The boy opened his eyes. When he would have answered her cry, her arm weakened, his head fell to the hard pillow, and Silene, white as death, trembling in every limb, swept to her feet.

On that sweet, proud face there came a look of such disgust as sent a thrill of gratification to the heart of McForce.

"I told you he had been into a drunken row, Silene."

"Horrid, horrid!" she gasped. Intemperance had been the bane of her own family. Two of that name filled drunkard's graves. She had smelled liquor on the lips of the boy, whose troubles had come about in an effort to punish an insulter of her good name.

The boss of Lickspur chuckled. Silene whirled upon him, cat-like.

"This is your work, viper!" she cried; then with lifted head and furiously blazing eyes, Silene Dawn swept from the room.

CHAPTER II.

A NOTE OF DISMISSAL.

The story and a half Indian bungalow loomed large to the man who stepped from his small canoe and stood with the painter in hand gazing hesitatingly up the ridged bank of Thunder Lake.

Irl Wallace had not been to this part of the moral vineyard since the night of Boody's dance, now a fortnight in the past. Since that night the young prospector had felt anything but happy over the situation.

Truth was he had fallen desperately in love with the ward of Dave Boody, said ward being brown-eyed, flaming-haired, mischief-loving Silene Dawn. In horsemanship she was unexcelled; as a canoeist, with rifle or fishing rod, nobody stepped in shoe-leather who could outclass her. All of which pleased and fascinated the young man from the farming districts of Michigan.

He was in the copper region on a prospecting tour, sent by an old maid aunt who had some money to invest, and was anxious to put it into something safe yet productive of a large return for the investment. Gulnare Stroud, the said aunt, was, so far as the young man knew, his only living relative.

She was one of the most eccentric women living. Of masculine trend, with a harsh, unpleasant voice, and eyes black and snapping like those of a turtle. Despite her queerness, her odd ways and unwholesome laugh, Irl liked his old maid aunt. She had been good to him in a way; had looked after his education and given him to understand that some day he might expect to at least share in her modest fortune.

"I want none of it," the boy had declared, carrying his head high. "If I cannot make my own way in the world without a woman's help I ain't fit to live."

"Sho!" ejaculated Gulnare. "What a smart chap we are to be sure."

It was after this that the woman commissioned the youth to search the copper country for a place to put a few thousands of idle money.

The boy loved adventure. He saw an opportunity here to meet and rub shoulders with the tough element, also to come in contact with the stalwart minds of those who, though in rough garb, were yet the peers of Wall street brokers, and in the scent for big speculations, going these a thousand better, winning out handsomely.

At any rate, Irl found himself in the copper country deeply interested in a new mining scheme which, he flattered himself, might win for both himself and his patron a fortune.

Right in the middle of his prospecting came the face and personality of that witch of the woods, Silene Dawn.

Irl was not fully aware of how he stood with Miss Dawn since that night at her guardian's dance. He had not acquitted himself very heroically and the thought had itched his soul till there was no enduring it longer.

He must see the girl and know how she felt about his ignominious thrashing at the hands of an ordinary mine bully.

Securing his boat, the youth advanced to the fray. He climbed the steep hillside and paused at sight of a moving female figure—a young girl tripping down a pebbly path with a tin pail in her hand.

"Good morning," said Irl, stepping into full view and confronting the girl. The latter uttered a little cry and dropped her pail. Irl was quickly at her service and restored the utensil with a smart movement. She took the pail from his hand with a bright and laughing apology. Their eyes met. Irl reeled dizzily under the deep lights of a pair of gleaming bits of sunshine.

"I beg your pardon," she said winningly. "It was so awkward of me."

"I reckon I frightened you," returned the surprised and admiring youth.

"I reckon you did, Mr. Wallace."

"Ah, but you have the advantage of me?"

"Oh, that's easy to understand," and she laughed again musically. "I have seen you many times. Mr. McForce pointed you out once, remarking on your keenness about some mining scheme. Then, too, I was at Boody's dance."

"You there!"

A guilty flush mounted his boyish cheeks. He accredited himself poorly at that function and did not relish being reminded of the fact.

"Yes. I was there to look after my charge."

"How is that?"

"I call Si Dawn my charge," she said with her shining eyes dancing. "She needs a chaperone don't you think, Mr. Wallace?"

"Like enough——"

"She talks of you sometimes."

"Of me?"

The flush again traversed his face.

"Oh, yes, of you and of—of—others, Mr. McForce for one."

"Yes, yes, I see. Who else?"

"Well, of her uncle and guardian sometimes. They don't exactly hitch you know?"

No, he did not know, and he inquired about it. His curiosity was verging on the vulgar, and the girl checked her glib tongue with the announcement that she must go and get what she had started for—a pail of water.

"Permit me?" he said, holding out his hand.

"Not this time, sir."

With a pretty air of independence the girl swept past him and ran down the path, disappearing over the brow of the hill among some willows. It was here the spring bubbled and tore its rippling course down the hillside to Thunder Lake.

When she came up he stood there still, leaning against a tree. Her petite, willowy figure attracted him. Her face was as sweet as a fresh blown rose, and her girlish frankness was most refreshing.

"What, you here yet, Mr. Wallace!" exclaimed the girl.

"Truly," he answered taking the brimming pail from her slender, pink fingers. "I am going to the house——"

"The Boody House——"

"No, the cottage right out yonder. Isn't Miss Dawn at home?"

"I think so."

The two walked slowly forward through the trees. From the corner of his eye the youth watched the face of his companion, a face so full of buoyant beauty as to quite startle him. In youth a man's thoughts turn to love. There was no disguising the fact that Irl Wallace was interested in his new find. Such a girl, such a natural little wood witch, and——

"Here we are, Mr. Wallace. Thank you ever so much."

She took the pail from his hand and started to go to the rear of the house.

"Say," he called, "is Miss Dawn at home? I wish to see her."

But his words rang on a blank wall, his divinity of the pail had disappeared. Irl went up the front steps and rang the bell. A prim maid answered. To Irl's inquiry she said she would see.

He found himself ushered into a small room at the right. Impatiently the young man waited. He had been here but once previously. Silene had been kind then, would she be kind today? He chafed and paced about as the minutes passed. He went to a stand which was devoted to the display of photographs. He looked in vain for his own.

The one occupying the post of honor brought a frown to his face.

He held up the card from which stared the thin, oily-complexioned face of Eldow McForce.

The door opened. Again the maid. She handed him a folded note then retired. He opened it quickly.

"Mr. Wallace," it ran, "I cannot see you. After that night at the dance you ought to have sense enough to understand that there can never be anything between us hereafter." This was signed "Silene."

The young Wolverine bit his lip and swore.

He turned on his heel, his gray eyes flashing. His boyish face was ashen gray, his lips twitching. To lose her, to forever bid good-by to the girl he loved so much was as gall and wormwood to the soul of Irl Wallace. He was not the one to beg for favors from even the fairest of her sex. He clinched his teeth, and tearing her note to bits, quitted the room.

Once out under the summer skies he felt better.

He walked slowly with bent head toward the lake. From an attic window peered a pair of softening brown eyes. There was no smile on her lips as Silene watched the departure of her boy lover. She felt grave enough. She had a soft spot in her heart for Irl Wallace.

Despite that disgraceful affair at the dance she felt that Irl was not wholly at fault. But he was only a boy! That was her one great objection to continuing on with the flirtation she had begun for fun.

"He'll get over it," she said, turning from the window. "Boys think they're in love when its only a case of indigestion. Hum, I wonder——"

The door opened and a girl came trailing in.

"Cherry Winslow!" exclaimed Silene. "Did I see you with that boy?"

"I reckon you did, Si. What have you to say about it? I think him one of the nicest young gentlemen I ever met."

"Yes, he's nice enough for a boy," assented the other.

"So that is your objection. He's much more than that, Si," lifting her sunny head till the soft white neck showed its pillow of loveliness. "I met and talked with him for the first time this morning. He is nice, very nice indeed."

"No doubt you fascinated him."

"I don't think so. He is dead gone on you, Si."

"What nonsense."

The violet eyes of Miss Winslow scanned her companion's face narrowly.

"And was it all a silly flirtation after all?" she asked.

"Not that, simply a boyish friendship on his part, Cherry."

"And on yours, Si?"

"Nothing serious I assure you. He is too young for me, Cherry; about your age I should judge. You might——"

"Drop in where you backed out," tossing her golden head with a comic little moue.

"Well, I guess not, my Lady Dainty. Besides, I admire mature people myself."

"Mr. McForce for instance."

A hot scarlet overspread the face of the girl visitor. She did not bandy further words with her hostess, but turned on her dainty heel and ran hastily from the attic room.

CHAPTER III.

AGAIN REBUFFED.

It was a beautiful summer morning, with a gentle breeze blowing from the great Northern lake, such an atmosphere that gives one glad thoughts because one is alive.

On the previous evening Silene had been reprimanded by her uncle-guardian for some wild caper of hers and she was now in the act of wearing off her resentment, consequently not in a very amiable mood.

Unshipping the oars to as neat a craft as ever skimmed the waters of an inland lake, the girl seated herself amidships and rowed slowly out upon the water.

"I've put up with a lot from Guardy," said she to the bright-gleaming paddles. "He thinks I am made of very common clay, but I'll show him that the daughter of a Dawn is more than that."

Her eyes sparkled, her fluffy, red hair tossed by the faint breeze into one mass of flame where the rising sunbeams touched it. The even, not small teeth, fetched a gleam as of a mastiff about to growl.

"I'll show Guardy, I'll show them all that I am not a creamy-faced babe to be sat upon or coddled and petted and—and—yes spanked if I whimper out aloud. Goodness! but such a fool as I came near making of myself over that boy. And he let himself be flogged, would have been killed they say if Eldow McForce hadn't stepped in and rescued him. Poor child!" A half sneer curled the girl's red lips, a semi-merry glint shooting into the sleepy cherry-brown eyes. Ripples of foam fell from the rounded white arm as Silene bared it to the elbow and swept its round plumpness through the calm water.

There were a few decided freckles, these alone spoiling the pure whiteness of that arm. She smiled as she saw them.

"I hate freckles," she aspirated with a little moue which sent her slightly uptilted nose going one notch higher. "But then, who cares? If I was homely as a stump fence it might serve to keep the boys away. I do wish—what was that?"

She was nearing a small island and it was from this came a sound which broke in upon her self-musing.

There was much splashing of water, and a moment later a shout.

Some one was in the lake, drowning perhaps. This was the girl's anxious first thought. She grasped her oars, forgetting her uprolled sleeves, and pulled in the direction of the sound.

Silene had a heart, there was no gainsaying that, although she had been informed to the contrary more than once by Mr. McForce.

Presently the skiff shot around the nose of the island and ran almost upon a man struggling in the water. The man's bare shoulders gleamed brightly in the sunlight. He was not yet beyond help, and as the skiff shot forward, its girl occupant thrust out a hand to save.

"Hello!"

A pair of hands grasped the stern of the skiff and an upturned, saucy boy's face met her gaze.

"You, Irl Wallace!" she exclaimed, a tide of color sweeping her delicate face.

"It's me all right," forgetting his grammar in his excitement.

"And aren't you drowning?"

"I reckon not."

He drew himself up till his gleaming white shoulders showed in the sunlight. He was laughing, the big good-natured laugh of a schoolboy.

"I came out to the island for a quiet swim all by my lonesome," he went on, unmindful of the furious blushes of the girl. "You refused to see me the other day, Silene——"

"And I refuse to see you now. Get back into the water, you nasty boy," hurled the ruby lips of Miss Dawn.

"Ah, but this is different," with an amused laugh. "I am in possession of the situation, Miss Dawn. I am not going to be put down with a frown, nor turned away with a scolding. I have something to tell you."

He drew himself a little higher.

"Get back into the water, get back or I'll strike!" screamed Silene, raising her paddle, its dripping blade spilling big drops upon her bare arms. "Don't you dare get into this boat. Do you hear me, you wicked boy?"

He laughed as he drew himself higher, and clung like a barnacle. Then she saw for the first time that he wore a rather decollette bathing suit. He caught the relief in her eyes, gazed at his bare shoulders, then sank low into the water. He realized how impudent he had been.

"I beg your humble pardon, Silene," said he, showing seriousness. "I meant no harm. My canoe is just around the bend of the island. If you will wait a minute I'll make myself presentable and row with you across the lake." He dropped quite into the water and swam leisurely alongside.

"Go away by yourself, Irl Wallace."

"But this is much nicer being with you, Silene."

"Such impudence!"

Her little nose went up. His face still wore a grin.

"Hope I don't intrude," said he.

"I've a good notion to smash your head," cried the girl, threatening him with her paddle.

"Smash away," he called. "I don't believe——"

Down came the paddle with a swish and a great mussing of the water. He laughed the louder when he found himself unhit and consequently unhurt.

"That's the woman of it," he cried. "You can't hit the broadside of a barn, Silene."

"I'll make sure of you this time."

Again she raised her paddle, bringing it down with all her strength. It fell exactly upon his head—at least she thought it did. He sunk like a log! The girl was frightened. Had she killed him?

Silene was now trembling with excited fear.

She bent over the side of her skiff and tried to penetrate the depths with her gaze. The water was tinged with a reddish fluid.

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Blood! Her cruel paddle had dashed out the boy's brains! Such a time as the girl experienced after that. She thrust her bared arm deep into the water and called wildly the name of the young prospector.

"Irl, Irl, speak to me! Oh, Heaven, I did not mean—"

A sudden jar of the skiff cut short her impassioned appeal. A low chuckle followed. Silence turned about just as a stalwart form sprang upright into the stern—the subject of her wild appeal, dripping like a drowned rat.

"I hope I don't intrude, ma'am."

Her frightened face went red with anger and shame, at the same time an expression of the most intense relief filled her twinkling brown eyes.

"You miserable boy," she articulated.

"That's what I am, Miss Dawn," he agreed, drawing a long face, blinking through the rain of lake water coursing down his cheeks. "You meant to murder me, girl, but I was too smart for you. Now what ought I to do to punish you for your malicious intent?"

Silene was silent. She refused to look at his stalwart manliness, his broad shoulders and swelling limbs. She bit her lip and remained very, very angry. She had a right to feel annoyed. However much the knowledge of his escape relieved her mind, his impudent hanging on after being several times dismissed congealed all pity. She was going to hide him, after a time, and it almost displeased her to have it so.

"You don't answer. No need. I understand your feelings. Criminals aren't supposed to intimidate themselves."

He advanced and touched her arm, kneeling suddenly in the bottom of the skiff. She still looked away, pouting and angry.

"Silene, let me tell you something," he pleaded.

"Sir, take yourself away," cried the girl, forcing him with a mad fire in her eyes. He sat back and gasped.

"My! but those eyes of yours! Silene, you want to look out or some day the sparks from them will set your hair afire!"

"Impudent puppy!"

He had not time to escape the sharp slap of her small hand across his face. That brought the blood, and the boy's face went red with anger and shame. He bounded to his feet faced the girl, crying:

"That's quite enough, Miss Dawn. So help me Heaven, I'll never put forth a hand to touch you again, never ask a favor, and never, never make such a fool of myself as I have this morning. Go your way, go with that man McForce if you will. He is a snake in the path whose sting you may sometime feel when too late!"

She was standing him now, drawn to his full height, his broad chest heaving, the flush of some unspeakable passion filling his soft gray eyes. Never in all her after life did Silene Dawn forget that picture. She remembered it too when she recalling grave her most bitter pain.

The boy plunged into the lake and swam to the island.

On regaining the shore and looking back Irl discovered another craft moving across the water, soon to join the first. This latter skiff contained but a single occupant—BloodmcForce, the great Mogul of the mines.

CHAPTER IV.

AN ENCOUNTER.

"Such a good time we're having, Miss Winslow."

A coxcomb-headed little chap ran toward the girl who was in the act of pulling up two big vines filled with pale lavender pitchers.

"See what I have found, Miss Winslow?" The little boy, a cute, sturdy, curly garbed lad of six stood with outstretched hand in which were some exquisite wild sweet williams.

"Pretty flowers, Jed," she said, canting her bird-like head and smiling at the pretty picture made by the boy.

"I'm going to take 'em to Aunt Susan."

"Yes, I would."

"Or maybe Uncle Ed would like 'em."

"Perhaps he would," agreed the girl. "Which do you like best, your Uncle Eldow or Aunt Sue?"

"Both," said the lad with a chuckle.

"Which is quite proper," assented Miss Cherry with a merry laugh.

Cherry Winslow walked up a rather steep incline and stood admiring the waters of Thunder Lake. She had come out for a few hours' ramble, hunting wintergreen berries, taking with her the little boy who was near neighbor to the Winslows, and whom the girl loved most dearly.

The village of Tidewater rested picturesquely among the hills at the south end of the lake, a half mining, half lumbering town, with its usual complement of saloons and tough joints such as at time flourished in the Lake Superior region.

Cherry lived with her aunt, a lady of considerable means, in one of the pleasantest parts of Tidewater. Not far away was the residence of Eldow McForce's people. It was through visiting back and forth that the girl became acquainted with Ed, boy, and had met casually the uncle.

Eldow, however, was in the mining business up to his eyes, and was seldom at home, his duties taking him farther north to where the various mining properties were being worked. Eldow was considered one of the most shrewd manipulators in the business, and it was said had a large interest in the big copper mine of that district. Howbeit, he was seldom in evidence at the village, when he did chance in that quarter his shrewd, greenish eyes and still tongue told no secrets.

From where she stood the girl could see the straggling village at least a mile distant. The woods were still enough where she and pretty Jed strayed in search of berries. The boy tugged at her skirts and began to whine.

"Jeddy want to go home," he drawled.

"It is time, Jed."

The girl shaded her eyes with her hand and gazed down the lake to where a man and a small rowboat were bobbing. They were not near enough to be recognizable, yet she guessed correctly their identity.

"Strange why he thinks so much of her," murmured Cherry, the light in her violet eyes growing dim. "She has so much and I so little. That is the way of the world I suppose. To them who have more shall be given."

With a sigh the girl turned away. She looked for Jed, but did not see him. She called his name without getting a response.

She at once began a search of the woods nearby.

Again and again she called but the lad did not answer. He had certainly given her the slip most unexpectedly. She must have been watching the occupants of the skiff longer than she had thought.

"Good heart!" she exclaimed, "I hope the boy hasn't gone and lost himself in the woods. He asked me to go home. He has started to go on his own hook. I will go back on the path and see if I can overtake him."

Really alarmed Miss Cherry hastened to search along the homeward trail, simply a narrow cut-path known to the hills.

She had no luck, however. She ran a mile, panting now and then to call the name of Jed. It was a useless quest. She dared not go home without her little charge. Mother he had none, living with his aunt and uncle at the handsome home in the village. She and McForce were brother and sister. He had furnished a splendid palace for her and installed her there with her nephew Jed. It was good in him whom most people distrusted and some hated for his tyrannical acts where labor was concerned.

It was through Jed that Cherry came to know and to perhaps for sinister-eyed Eldow McForce.

What would this masterful, secretive man do to her if she allowed his unruly little nephew to lose himself in the woods? The girl shuddered at the contemplation.

"Rush-a-day, stop yer yellin'. Yer mammy ain't dead yet. Shut up, or I'll throw ye in!"

Cherry started with a little gasp, half alarmed cry.

Coming through the woods came a hoarse, rude outburst from a man's lips, and its meaning could not be misunderstood. Presently, striding with the sturdy, reckless step of one who feels all powerful, a man in woolen sweater, a slouch hat pulled down heavy, high buttoned shoes on his immense feet came into view. The girl knew the man at a glance. She had seen him at Boody's dance.

It was the mine bully, Grant Stynch.

At another time Cherry might have shrunk from the man, but now, overcome by the sight of the big fellow, bearing a boy in his arms, she forgot herself and ran to the troubled girl.

"Oh, sir, I am so glad!" exclaimed she, running forward. "Where did you find him? Jed, what made you run away from auntie?"

"I didn't. Jeddy want to go home."

"Aw, shet pan on that," growled Stynch, giving Jed a rough shake and setting the bellowed knuckles. "No lyin' now, yer kid, mind that."

Turning to Cherry, the big man said in a half apologetic tone:

"I seen dese little cuss runnin' wild in der woods. I cotched him an' wanted for take him home. I cotched him here. No harm done I hope, miss?"

The man raised his eyes and peered half bashfully at the girl as he spoke. His speech was slightly embarrassed, but the girl knew the man. He could not be dangerous while he stood in fear of her.

Jed ran to his friend and clung to her skirts, whimpering, evidently very much afraid of his rescuer.

"I told the truth, he did take me away," cried Jed vehemently.

"Never mind, dear, you are safe with auntie now," soothed the girl.

"Yes, that's right, safe with you, miss, but not safe running as I found him wild in them woods," chortled Stynch, a flash of anger darkening his severe and rugged face.

"Thank you, sir," agreed Cherry. "I thank you very much for fetching Jed back to me." She hesitated, anxious for him to move away. This seemed far from his intention, however.

The air was very fine among the trees; everything in nature seemed restful, while the deep solitude denoted no prying eyes thereabout. Big Grant Stynch took heart of all this and lost his bashfulness.

"So thanks, miss," he grunted, grinning.

He leaned against a tree and viewed the sweet young face of the girl with the defiant fighting flame of anger in it. He thought he had seen her before. That did not matter to him. Jed toward her, clasping him closer to her breast.

"The gentleman will please excuse us, Jed," she said with a brave front. "You and I must be going." She lifted the baffle and turned toward the lake whose surface was hidden by the steep rise of the bank just above.

"Yes, miss, that's right," chuckled the man, a light in his eyes.

He swung forward at her side, placing a hand on her shoulder. Cherry cried in alarm. He chuckled aloud, saying: "Don't be afeared, miss. Yer need perfection an I'll be the first to protect yer. You be boy, he's too heavy for them dainty arms o' yourn."

"No, thanks, I can get on alone."

The man continued his walk by her side, however. By this time Cherry was really alarmed. The man's familiarity was a most dangerous factor.

"You're smart as a steel trap, miss," he grunted, "but I'll see 'at yer don't drap ther rock in. Lemme take him, I say."

The boy, feeling the touch of the burly fellow's hand on his shoulder, squirmed from Cherry's arms with a frightened cry and dashed ahead as fast as his little legs would carry him.

When frightened Cherry essayed to follow, but a hand held her back.

"Now, miss, wots yer hurry?" growled Stynch. "I'll be ther harvester, nor much on style, but, by mudalls, I'm some on the winnin'. See here—"

The girl broke from him and ran.

And the beast pursued. He covered the ground with terrific strides. He gained the side of the fleeing Cherry, caught her arm, gripped it fiercely, and flung her down as he held her high above the ground, shaking her as though she had been an infant.

Cherry screamed as much from the pain as from fear.

Then he raised her upon her feet. His eyes flamed meaningly as he still clung to her quivering arm.

"Now, miss, this yer's all foolishness," he snarled. "I'm ther gold 'at'll hurt yer. Why, I wouldn't harm a hair on that purty gold head o' yourn, not fur ten million plunks."

"Let me go, please," pleaded the sobbing lass of poor Cherry.

She thought of the skiff and its occupants and wondered if they were still too far away to be reached by her cries.

"Don't yell again," he threatened, seeming to divine her thoughts. "If yer do I may hurt yer accidentally like."

The girl strained her eyes toward the lake. Jed, who had disappeared beyond the summit of the hill, suddenly reappeared, dancing and crying at the top of his voice:

"Somebody's comin', somebody's comin'!"

The mine bully dropped his captive's arm, letting fall an oath.

The continuation of this highly interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. It holds no very strange and thrilling situations. Read it. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

Poor Consolation.

He—But Miss Eva, why do you always spurn the devotion I offer you?

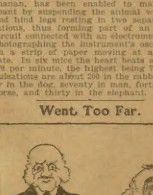
She—Oh, you have such a fiery red nose!

He—But it glows for you alone!

A Mouse's Pulse.

It is not generally known that the pulse of a mouse is too rapid to be counted by ordinary methods. A late observer, F. Buchanan, has been enabled to make the count by suspending the animal with fore and hind legs resting in two separate solutions, thus forming part of an electric circuit connected with an electrometer, and photographing the movements oscillation on a strip of paper moving at a known rate. In six mice the heart beats averaged 676 per minute, the highest being 750. The pulsations are about 200 in the rabbit, ninety in the dog, seventy in the boy, forty in the horse, and thirty in the elephant.

Went Too Far.



Magistrate—What were you doing on the beach so late?

Vagrant—Takin' a bath, yer honor.

Magistrate—Twenty days.

Vagrant—Just for takin' a bath?

Magistrate—No; for perjury.

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To tell the truth, Chinatown had kept awake a little later than usual that morning, excitedly chattering over the mysterious murder of the American girl, details of which had quickly spread through the crowded quarter.

Number 20 Pell Street Phil found to be a ramshackling four-story brick building with a Chinese shop in the basement and a narrow and dirty hallway from the street walk to the first floor entrance. The shop was closed and its window curtained, so Phil mounted the stone steps to the first-floor door. It was ajar so he pushed it open and stepped in.

A hall and narrow, rickety stairway, bare of all signs of life, met his gaze. Hoping to examine the first doors at hand to see if there were any signs to indicate the tenants but found none.

He ascended cautiously to the second floor. A musty odor as overcrowded humanity greeted his nostrils. It was dark on the landing but he managed to catch sight of a half-dozen black doors, all closed.

Striking a match he glanced at each of them but found no sign to give a hint of the occupants. Then he rapped, gently at first, then so loudly that he imagined the entire building would be disturbed. After a long wait, he heard light footsteps within and then the door opened not more than an inch and a slant eye set in a drawn cheek of yellow parchment.

"Chong Sing here?" inquired Phil in English.

"What you want?" was the non-committal return.

"I have a message from the Chief of Police for him."

"Give it me. I am Chong Sing."

Phil handed in the note which the Chinaman withdrew to the room to read. There was a long wait before he returned.

"What you want?" he asked.

"A good friend of yours in Philadelphia who will tell me the truth."

"Lemme see," was the reply as one of Chong Sing's long, lean hands caressed his brow. "Oh, yes, Wah Sing, in Number 37 Wallis Street. He tell you all the truth."

"Can I see him?" asked Phil, "I need you again," and hurriedly Phil descended to the street.

It was half-past eight when Phil, having caught a fast train to Philadelphia, leisurely climbed the steps to the hall and sought the marriage license bureau. Asking the clerk in charge for permission to examine the record files, the reporter proceeded to look for Chinese names among the applicants.

The first one his active finger stopped at was entered a week before. Phil's eye flashed as he read the entry:

"Lee Ching, Philadelphia, aged 26; Alice Farrand, New York, aged 22."

CHAPTER XI.
ON A MISSING CLUE.

Phil scanned again and again the surprising entry on the marriage license record though the information so far was far from his present surroundings.

"Well," he murmured to himself, "I certainly expected to find an entry that contained the name of Alice Farrand. Those notes of hers in Chinatown indicate as much. But I certainly did not expect to find his name coupled with hers. I have a hunch Lee Main I expected to find. The blocks my theory a little, but I have to go on further than I had intended in order to trace this new twist down. Yet I've got to be back in New York to-morrow to meet Miss Price when she dares the peril of a visit to Lee Main alone."

A new course of action was promptly decided upon.

"I say," Phil began to the clerk whom he had first addressed, "do you know anything about this entry?"

The clerk cast his eye upon the Chinese-Farrand entry which Phil's finger pointed out.

"Sure," was the prompt response. "We get so few of that kind that it's easy to remember them all."

"Did both the man and the woman come together to apply for this?"

"Yes, it was just after we had opened up in the morning. The Chink was rather nervous."

"Could you identify either of them if you were to see them or their photographs?"

"A good deal easier than I could you for I looked at them a blamed sight longer."

"What did the Lee Chin look like?"

"Well, they all look alike but this guy was dressed like—quite a dandy in fact—and he couldn't get away from the slant eyes and the saffron skin. Oh, yes, I did notice that he wrote his forefinger had a deep scar."

"And how did the girl look—like this?" queried Phil, drawing out the photograph of Miss Farrand which he had the foresight to carry with him.

The clerk glanced at the photo and then grinned.

"No, I should say not. This is the picture of an American girl. The woman who came in with this Chink was like himself—an Oriental."

"This was something of a staggerer but Phil gave no sign of surprise.

"And yet she signed this American name?" he asked.

"Oh, no, she didn't sign it. The Chink did all the writing. She simply made a mark."

A new light broke in on the reporter.

"Do you happen to know anything about this Lee Chin?"

"Not a thing."

"Did you happen to see in the morning papers that a Chinaman of this name was suspected of killing an American girl of this name?"

"No more, that's so," was the astonished reply, "but I'd take a stack of oaths that the girl with this Lee Chin was not an American but a Chinese."

"Article complicates this case considerably," was Phil's rejoinder as he turned to leave. "By the way, you needn't say anything about this entry until late this afternoon," continued he as he shoved a tightly-folded ten dollar bill into the clerk's hand. "All right, you're on," was the pleased answer; "you're a reporter laying for a scoop, I see."

Phil smiled and hurried out. His next mission was to secure a long distance telephone talk with his managing editor, Mr. Gee. To him he narrated his amazing discovery of the marriage license which was immediately planned for another big afternoon scoop.

"But whatever you do," was Phil's parting injunction, "don't say that I made this discovery. I want to keep as dark as possible in this case. I'll have some of these Chinese tongs on my trail soon enough without stirring them up too rapidly."

Then the search led to Luk Wang in Wallis Street. Through him Phil secured information Chong Sing had assured Phil he could depend. Wong Sing was found in front of a small Chinese shop when the reporter found him. He explained Chong Sing's recommendation and slipped a bill into the hand of the mask-like faced Oriental.

"You know of Lee Main, Philadelphia, I suppose?" Phil began.

"I ought to," was the reply in excellent English, "I've been here for over twenty years."

Then you ought to know whether you have one Lee Chin here?"

"Lee Chin? Lee Chin? I don't recognize the name among our countrymen here."

"Do you know of any Lee Chins?"

"Ah, that is different. There is a dapper young fellow who comes from New York occasionally with that name."

"That's the man I'm looking for. When did you see him last?"

"Let me see. About two weeks ago, I should say. He was in company with one of his in the Pekin Restaurant in New York —you see Lee Main, he's a member of our district and calling on the mission school here with a pretty American girl."

Phil's heart began to pump excitedly. He looked to be on the trail of a most important clue. Could Lee Chin and Lee Main evidently bitter rivals for the regard of Miss Farrand, accompanied the latter on an American girl! Who could she be?

"Do you happen to know this American girl's name?"

"Oh, yes, they brought her to my shop for some trifling purchase. Her name was—"

"Ah—" Phil breathed happily.

"You know her. I am asking all these questions, I suppose?" queried the visitor suddenly.

"No, why?"

"This American girl was found murdered in Lee Main's room this morning."

The Chinaman's blank face showed not the least trace of surprise. He merely stroked with the end of his queue quietly and staring at the walk said calmly:

"I'm sure I'm not surprised. Lee Chin showed here that he was insanely jealous. He and Lee Main had a fight over the girl and swore they should do when they left my shop and there was little doubt in my mind that one woman sided with Lee Main. They finally left him here and an hour later I saw him walking out of the store with a Chinese girl whom he had picked up."

"Did you know her name again?"

Luk Wang thought deeply for a moment.

"I remember it now," he replied after a long pause. "Later the same day Lee Main and the American girl—you call her Farrand —call for the Chinese girl's name. He said he'd go back to New York that same night to his business and that he would be here a day or so."

"I'm much obliged to you for your information," said Phil, thrusting a second bill into the blinking Chinaman's hand, "your knowledge may help to solve the mystery in this affair," and with a wave of the hand he hurried out, leaving the Chinaman in consternation.

The whizzing two-hour ride back to New York City enabled Phil to collate his new information and fit it into the intricate theory of the sensational case he was framing. He bought copies of newspapers and scanned them for anything new in the tragedy they all contained. One dominant idea moved him in his theorizing. He believed Lee Chin since the discovery of the murder or had they learned anything of his whereabouts during the valuable time of its commission a week previous? Nothing did man's face show that Lee Chin had incurred the hatred of the Lee Leongs and particularly of one of their leaders who may have been in love with the same American girl that Lee Chin was, they might have plotted his destruction.

Chong Sing's stolid face gave no sign.

"And suppose his plot had been carried out, would not this note placed under his door have a tendency to divert suspicion from the Lee Leongs and from Long Ting in particular?"

Still Chong Sing spoke no word.

"Lee Chin apparently has fled," went on Phil, "abandoning his valuable trunk and his clothes and his money which is very strange. I'm not denying that appearances all indicate he murdered this young American woman. I can see a fairly clear excuse for that. But, Chong Sing, I'm not at all sure yet and still I have a pretty theory forming that your Lee Leongs had a strong hand in his disappearance. We shall soon find out, at all events."

Phil waited a moment and then asked abruptly:

"Chong Sing, my guess has a good deal of truth in it, hasn't it?"

Chong Sing looked up without a change of countenance. Then he exclaimed in an unmoved voice:

"You're my friend, I tell you when you come in here while ago that you must look sharp. But there is nothing to tell. The Chinaman that gets mixed up in this row, I can say no more to you."

Phil recovered the note he had brought and started for the door.

"Chong Sing," he concluded, "you haven't told me all you know by a good deal. Your Lee Leongs have had a hand in this but the fact truth. But I'll find it out somehow."

As Phil descended into the narrow street, his sharp eye caught Miss Price, his friend of the previous night, issuing from the subterranean stairs to the Pekin Restaurant.

"Now, we'll wive Mr. Lee Main an interesting half-hour or so," he said to himself as he proceeded to follow her.

The continuation of the really interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. Those who do not desire a subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per quarter and we will refund that amount. Send in your subscription, for your great interest in the case and afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

Cheering Up 'Thuse.

James Whitcomb Riley was going up the steps of the state house in Indianapolis one day when he met his friend Warren G. Sayre. The two had been close friends for years.

"Good morning, Mr. Riley," said Mr. Sayre in greeting.

"Why, hello, Warren!" Mr. Riley replied. "How are you?"

"Never felt better in my life. You're looking well."

"I don't know," said the poet; "I sometimes feel the weight of years, for you know, I am getting old."

"Nonsense! nonsense!" Mr. Sayre remarked with emphasis. "You don't look old. In fact, you don't look a bit older now than when I first saw you."

"Perhaps that is true, but I feel age coming on. I was just thinking, as I came up the front steps, about old Job's trials. I imagined I could see him driving along the road in his big wagon. I met an old friend who was sitting on a rail fence at the side of the road, and he said, 'Thuse!' and the friend, 'How are you?'

"'Oh, pretty fair for an old man,' said the patriarch. 'But I am getting old, I'm sorry.'

"'Oh, bosh, 'Thuse! you don't look old. How old are you, 'Thuse, anyway?'

"'Six hundred years.'

"'Well, well, I never would er thought it!' said the friend. 'Why, 'Thuse, you don't look a day over 261!'"

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Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1906, at the post office at Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 4, 1879.

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Youth never get to the front by following the procession.

When lowly people rise in the world they are apt to feel uppish.

Frequently the way of the transgressor is hard on the police.

Take your time, but keep your hands off the time of busy people.

Many a man's innocence depends upon the ability of his lawyer.

After a man gets used to being lazy there isn't much hope for him.

Some men are like eggs—too full of themselves for anything else.

A man seldom attempts to get even with his worst enemy when he is ill.

It is difficult to convince a poor man that money will not buy happiness.

A woman can afford a lot of clothing if she doesn't have to keep quiet.

If a man fails people have no use for him and if he succeeds they hate him.

Size yourself up as others do and you'll find that you don't amount to so much.

Nearly every man would be fairly good-looking if it wasn't for his funny face.

Anyway, a stranger in a town never has to hire a small boy to point out the saloons.

Many a woman who has no sense of humor takes a joke in the form of a husband.

It is more blessed to give up without a struggle than it is to receive it in the neck from a sandbag.

The suffragette will never be satisfied until she is given the privilege of asking a man to marry her.

As every bride is beautiful, we have often wondered where all the homely catches in this town get married.

People as a rule have only words of praise for the dead. Their words of censure are exhausted on the living.

When a woman beats a man in an argument he tries to shake her before that he merely wanted to draw her out.

It is said that the man who whistles seldom swears, but the man who swears often is compelled to listen time and unprintable things.

An Ohio judge has decided it is legal for a woman to go through her husband's pockets. Few wives, however, waited for the decision.

Many breach-of-promise suits are due to the inability of girls who are angling for husbands to distinguish between a nibble and a bite.

Sailing With Columbus;

Or, THE PERILS OF FAR SEAS

By William H. Manning.

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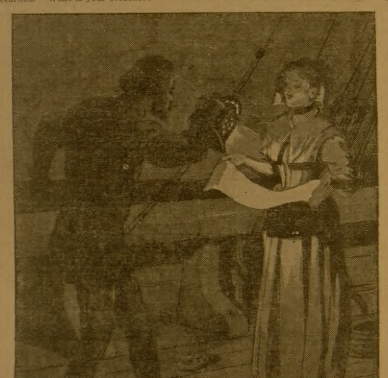
CHAPTER IV.

THE LIFE HUNTER.

THE mariner's accusation gave Leon no surprise. He had known that a faction among the forecastle hands had seen fit to talk the point over secretly, but as the brutish Doron brought the charge openly to the attention of Columbus, the young man thrilled with indignation. An angry retort trembled upon his lips, but he controlled himself and waited for the admiral to speak.

Columbus turned Doron with unconcealed annoyance and sorrow, but his patience did not fail him.

"You have made a serious accusation," he returned. "What is your evidence?"



"There is writing!"

"We had a fire aboard the Santa Maria," explained Doron stubbornly.

"We did. Proceed!"

"It occurred last night in the forecastle, in the hold. There was nothing there to set the fire going without human help, so human hands must have started it."

"What proof have you that Don Leon Victoria had part in it?"

Doron shifted uneasily on his feet. He was at the climax of his accusation and felt that logic and eloquence were needed, but brain and tongue did not accord. Despite a lifelong fluency of speech, he found his wits far from active.

"Well," he finally growled, "about this man Leon. He came here as a forecastle hand, like the rest of the sailors, but when we were ready to leave anchor he was lying stupid in the bunk below, and so when we sailed the caravel in after days. Fact is, he had come on board in a shocking condition. Now, it goes without saying that no man lies insensible five days as he claimed to do, so we foremast hands are sure he was shamming. Being like unto one dead we gave him scant attention, whereby he had all the chance in the world to slip away from the forecastle, enter the hold and start the fire."

"Is that all?" asked Columbus, still patient.

"No, my lord admiral. The night of the fire Manuel Lopez, being on duty, saw a man pass him that he thought he recognized as this man Leon. He spoke, asking if his senses had come back to him, but he provoked passed him by. Because of this Manuel was not sure, so he has very charitably held his peace, but this day, sir, more has come to our attention. In the hold, hard by where the fire was, we have found this handkerchief, and several are ready to swear it was on Leon's neck when first we saw him in the bunk below."

He held out the article named, to which both Columbus and Leon gave brief attention.

"Well?" continued the navigator.

"This proves his guilt, and with a man in the Santa Maria that is bound to burn the ship we are in great fear. Wherefor, sir, our demand."

"Which is—what?"

"That we use the boat acquired from the castaways, put Leon within and set him adrift."

"Abandoned to his fate?"

"Ay, my lord admiral."

Doron, you have produced no proof. As for the handkerchief, if Leon was the incendiary and lost the article, he had days in which to recover it. He surely would have sought to find a landing."

"But it was covered with some things that were moved while the fire was being put out, sir."

"And which you argue that Leon could not find it, yet you have yourself found it. How is that?"

Doron started a little, impressed by the brief way of putting the point, but he had his answer ready.

"I had lost my knife, sir, and went there thinking I might have dropped it. Going, I moved what covered the handkerchief."

"If you were shrewd enough to move anything to find a knife, why was not Leon cunning enough to do the same to hide a guilty secret?"

The mariner stood speechless. Here was an item he had not considered, and it staggered him. Bewildered, he hesitated, and then grew angry.

"Why, sir, I only know that he didn't!"

"Do you not think the evidence something frail on which to put a man into a small boat, to drift about to his certain death?"

"We don't want a fire-setter in the Santa Maria to burn us up!" blustered Doron. "'Tis our respectful demand, sir, that he be set adrift!"

Columbus turned to Leon, smiling faintly. "What about the handkerchief?" he asked quietly.

"It is mine, sir," Leon replied, "but I have not seen it since I left Palos. As for setting the fire, I am innocent."

He spoke without raising his voice, but with a simple force that was as convincing as noise and vehemence would have been. He and the discoverer met each other's gaze mildly, but there was a flash in his eyes when he regarded Doron that plainly notified that person that he had aroused a warm spirit and made an enemy with courage.

"Your word, Don Leon, is quite sufficient," Columbus promptly replied. "That you were guilty makes never the least belief. Now, Doron, you can return to your quarters feeling that nothing will happen from Don Leon that will be dangerous to us."

"That, sir, is not the opinion in the forecastle," the seaman's quick, surly retort.

"The matter happens to be in my province," reminded the admiral.

"But, sir, we don't need that extra boat, and we want the incendiary off the ship."

"We have settled this completely. Men, you may return to your proper quarters."

The admiral's tone showed no sign of waning, but the dismissal was not to be ignored. The sailors went, with Doron last of all, but they grumbled audibly. Leon had not seen fit to waste many words upon the party, but he was about to speak now when the admiral fell to pacing the deck with lowered head. The younger man respected his thoughtful mood, but presently Columbus paused.

"It is only another link in the chain of insubordination," he said gravely. "I regret that we have no poor spirited a crew, but so it is. Why should capable, reliable seamen have been so in terror of the unknown seas that they refused to sign the articles, compelling us to take what we could get? 'Tis a poor lot of men, and mutiny barely holds itself in check."

"There are some faithful men forward, sir," reminded Leon.

"Ah, and upon them rest our hopes. Well, I'll think no more of this now. Pray, Don Leon, note how well we sail today. All three caravels seem to feel new life in their timbers, and we eat our way into the west encouragingly. It is well, the sooner we are over the sea the sooner we shall see the land that, I feel sure, lies somewhere yonder."

Speaking, the discoverer stood with his gaze fixed far beyond the bows, like one who seeks to penetrate the future and bring to view the things that have become a ruling passion. Leon saw that his own case had temporarily passed from the leader's mind, and he did not try to bring it back. Later, it was discussed fully, but, now, the young man gave himself up to his dreams.

The project to have him sent adrift had been boldly and openly presented, and he had marked the ill will in Doron's eyes, but he did not believe it had started with him. Personal enmity must be back of all his troubles, and common sailors could have no deep ill will against him. Who, then, was his foe? As Doron reluctantly left the quarter deck he had, as Leon observed, sent a quick, secret glance farther aft, and it made an impression. Believing that a fellow conspirator must be there, Leon himself looked suddenly in that direction.

He saw Alonzo Obrago and Crispo Padilla in close conversation.

It was not a new idea to suspect Alonzo, and Leon seized the first chance to speak with Don Roderigo privately.

"Who and what," he asked, "is Alonzo?"

"I think I understand," replied the notary, "that he is of a good family which has its seat in Castile, and there is much money with the landed estate, but Alonzo is far from it. Ay, for he once told me, himself, when in a mood to complain of the harsh usage of fortune, that six lives stood betwixt him and the estate. From other sources I know he has oft been in financial need, and rumor has it that his enterprises to line his purse do not always smack loudly of strict honesty."

"We have before spoken of his lack of cordiality toward me. Yet, why should he bear me ill will?"

"Can you think of nothing whatever?"

"Nothing!"

"There is meaning in all things, and a meaning in this if but you get at the meat of it. Think farther!"

"It is useless. I never met Don Alonzo before, and if by chance I ever upset his plans I have no knowledge of it. Nevertheless, I would give something if Doron would tell me whether Alonzo was back of his attempt to have me set adrift."

"Watch, friend! If Alonzo is plotting, his cloven hoof will show more fully anon. Ay, and I'll watch with you. But this scheme of Doron's, why, it was monstrous to put you in that boat and abandon you were worse than shooting you at once. No ship would pick you up, and 'twould be a death by inches."

"Thanks to our admiral I have not gone, nor do I intend to go. I have no taste for personal warfare, but will be the gainer than thrown at me I'll give my foes their fill of fighting!"

"As you are a man of spirit I can warn you further without fear of worrying you over-much. You do not know who is leagued against you, so their numbers may be greater than you imagine. As you value your life, be ever on the alert."

"It shall be so."

"See that no man stabs you in the back, and nobody feats you overboard."

"I will be guard against these things."

"Meanwhile, remember I am your friend, and do not count me one to fill with perplexity or trouble that arises. As the personal representative here of their gracious majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella, I have some interest in the fleet, and rely upon the sympathy of Admiral Columbus, and we are thus safeguarded as long as"—here Don Roderigo paused, hesitated, and then slowly added—"as long as the sailors do not revolt!"

"Seriously, is there danger of mutiny?"

"Very grave danger, and nobody realizes

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this more keenly than Admiral Columbus."

Leon's face clouded. Since fortune cast him into the midst of the discoverer's vast design he had grown enthusiastic and was as eager to see the supposed new world discovered, but the things he had himself witnessed bore testimony to Roderigo's words.

Undoubtedly, there was danger of mutiny.

The remainder of the day passed quietly. All of the rescued persons, utterly wearied by their privations, were sleeping soundly, so the voyagers were left to their usual employments. The three vessels now sailed by a fresh quartering breeze, were holding their course westward, sailing farther from the known world and farther into the unmitigated seas.

Night closed in with a mist over the seaboard, and the three ships held on in radical darkness, their lights only showing dully in the gloom. The fresh breeze had a chilly touch, and Leon, walking the deck alone, was wrapped in a cloak that one of the cabin party had given, some days before, to enlarge his limited wardrobe. Finding that his hat was in danger of carrying away he went below to exchange it for a tighter-fitting head-piece, but was checked there by Don Roderigo, who was idling in the cabin.

"Come and sit with me," said the noble.

"Willingly," returned Leon quickly, and he cast off his cloak.

"I want a look at the ocean," said Pedro Gutierrez, one of the gentlemen adventurers. "May I use your wrap?"

Permission was given, Pedro donned the cloak and went on deck, while Leon and Roderigo fell into careless conversation. Perhaps ten minutes had passed when steps sounded at the companionway and Pedro appeared. Both the officers rose, as somewhat his garments were disturbed and soiled, and that a little spot of blood stood on his cheek.

"His!" exclaimed Roderigo, "what's amiss with you, Don Pedro?"

"Something I'll have satisfaction for one day," retorted Pedro, his voice quick and angry. "When I embarked in the Santa Maria I knew not that 'twas a resort for malefactors, but so it seems. My life has been attempted!"

"Attempted!" cried Roderigo.

"Ay, even so! I went on deck, walked awhile with my gaze ever ahead, and then, over to the leeward rail, which was a black patch in the gloom of night. Saint Catherine defend all mariners! but there I was beset by knaves and assassins. Two men came somewhere from the cabin and tried to cast me overboard, but I had too much muscle for them, so I reckon, for a marvelous strange thing that! Leon, I wore your cloak—can it be I was mistaken for you in the darkness?"

CHAPTER V.

SEEN FROM THE DECK.

It was a startling announcement and no less startling a suggestion, and the hearers looked at Don Pedro in consternation. He was thoroughly angry, and he went on before Leon could reply.

"A pretty pass things have come to if decent cannot walk the deck without being set upon. Necessity compelled our admiral to take what he could get for a ship's complement, but it's a scurvy knave who will try to assassinate his own fellows."

"Said he to cast you overboard?" asked Roderigo quickly.

"Made a bolt set at it. Seized me from behind, lifted me, and had at it further. One thing saved my life and that only—the cloak! They sought to twist that over my head so I could not call out, and the delay gave me a second for action. I acted!—I summoned all my strength, twisted in their grasp and cast them aside, then—and so I live!"

"Did you not recognize them?" Leon asked eagerly.

"No. The truth is, they had the grace never mind than they know; I had been driven against the bulwark and my head received a blow that stunned me, but they knew not of that, so seeing me clear they took to their tasks."

He paused and lifted a corner of the cloak.

"I wore this, your property, Don Leon. No more has a grudge against me. Was I mistaken for you? Was it you, Leon, they wanted to send to dwell in the sea?"

"Do you suspect that?"

"Logic is logic. There has been some little noise in the ship as to you, and, muffled as I was, I was you in looks. Eh?—what then?"

"These assassins,—were they like forecastle knaves?"

"Far from it in dress. If they were sailors they were not only richly dressed but no right to be, but they were clad like our gentleman adventurers. Saint Catherine! but I cannot but believe that knaves live att with us. If I knew them I would put my sword betwixt their ribs. Don Leon here is your cloak—'tis a thing I covet not to wear!" and he flung garment aside.

Leon and Roderigo exchanged glances and the former nodded.

"All!" said Roderigo softly.

"All!" Leon responded.

"Good! We can trust Don Pedro fully. Gutierrez, pray sit with us and listen."

Pedro did so, and heard Leon's story as fully as anybody there knew it. He heard with wonder, but with lively interest.

"Strange things afloat," he said, after a period of thought. "To get forecastle hands the cabins of our admiral scraped clean, and when we left the bar of Saltes we had a lot more than we could gladly have then! And I am first of my sex to voyage thus, why, the very first fashion pioneer. From this time my heart is wrapped in the venture!"

"I will gladly teach you all that is unknown!" cried Alonzo eagerly.

"Why so, unless subject to others teaching me?"

"All but you denied knowledge," said Alonzo, his color deepening.

"I will yet acquire it. When the new land lieth off there it will set the seat as soon as any man in the Santa Maria!"

It was no vain boast, but, rather, the decision of a brave soul. Longing for Spain and the family home at Seffol, she accepted the fact that she could not return when she would and, bowing to destiny, gave her thoughts to what lay before the voyagers.

Two things had come of the conversation otherwise commonplace—she was infected with the fever for discovery that blazed in the veins of Christopher Columbus, and she knew that Alonzo bore ill will to Leon. It troubled her, for it was Leon who came as her preserver when the sea opened wide

Despite this, he did not readily fall asleep when he was in his bunk. Eager to be active and claim his inheritance as heir of the estate in Zaragoza, it was exasperating to be far away, while the fact that the life-seekers might prevent his ever seeing the ancestral acres again was even more harrowing.

Sailing with Columbus meant a good deal to Don Leon.

The following day found the rescued persons well on the road to recovery. Francesca had never been in ill plight, and Gil Yanez rallied rapidly, though he was heartbroken not to be conquered in a day. His recovery was aided, however, by the discovery of Horge Blas, the trusted admiral had sent who was his blood cousin. Seeing each other the recognition was mutual and Gil was in high spirits from that time.

Inez was much improved, and Don Enrique early appeared in the cabin, but he was in sad plight. Weakness of body was accompanied by weakness of mind, and he would not keep his cabin, for the notion to pass himself off as Sir Hyde had become a mania. His daughter did not see the slightest fear in the matter, and to her marvels would know of his late scheming against the Count of Nazatava, but he was not to be convinced, and the girl gave it up ahead and tried to make it clear that he was Rafelo Hyde, and nobody else.

All this was saddening to Inez, who feared that his mind was overthrown or shaken.

As for the girl, herself, she became the center of a group which included all the so-called gentlemen adventurers. Nobody held back, and though the prominence of Don Roderigo and Leon kept them from the nearest position, they were close enough, and Leon, who was a teacher of Spanish to Alonzo Olmga, the man toward whom his suspicions turned as to an enemy.

Alonzo had the knack of building almost like a perpetual fountain, and of appearing to be busy when he was idle, when he tried, and he had more to say than anybody else, so he passed his views upon Inez with persistence.

"The sorrows of the sea are bitter," he said, curbing his voice to a feeling very sympathetic. "A cruel master it is to man, and verses yet to be. I, too, am doing well-nigh astound me that you survived all these perilous months, but it speaks well for your stoutness of heart."

"Who will not be brave when life is at stake?" she replied.

"In theory, nobody, but in reality, many men and women are craven and fail and flee to a tiny bug that crawls the deck. Suppose I crush him with my foot—he is marvelous large and he is small. Yet, the great ocean is so much larger than a human being that the comparison is lame. The ocean is a hard master, a huge master, an all-powerful master. But enough of this. I am a dog of seworita, and fate has decreed that you go with us on this voyage of discovery. Strange fact!"

Inez sighed and said nothing.

"Do you, then, feel misled, "grieve as deeply?"

"Whatever I wish, necessity calls me to land."

"And fate keeps you at sea."

"Alas! it is so!"

"Senorita," interposed Don Roderigo, "if you grieve there will be then which will dry your tears. Sea explorers seldom take ladies in their ships unless they are going otherwise now. Whatever comes of this, the great admiral, Christopher Columbus, you will see all, have part in all, share the glory of all."

"The glory—what is it to be?"

"Who knows? Even our admiral cannot say, but he does not fear the world beyond the seas."

Inez meditated deeply upon this for a while, for, though she had already heard the object of the voyage, it came to her more forcibly now. She was not downcast but she suddenly looked up and ran her gaze along the line of the bulwark. Leon and her wandering regard was checked.

"Can it be so?" she quickly, eagerly, and eager. "Can there be a world unknown even to our wisest men?"

"Unknown as yet, yet, if world there be," Leon answered gravely. "If—our suspicions are true, then we have before us the possibility, and written of it—"

"Senorita," Alonzo broke in this!" broke in Alonzo curtly. "High bred ladies need not to be tutored in such things."

It was an insolent speech that passed incivility and touched hostility, and as the young man's face flushed as a flash and both sides, but Leon controlled himself steadfastly. He could not have been contemptible for he had the breeding and instinct of the gentleman, but the matter was taken out of his hands, for Inez rose to her tone as well as the words, marked the exchange of glances and resented the insult with brisk speech.

"Indeed, senor," she cried, "I demur at being thought so masculine of mind that I know all the thoughts and writings on strange subjects. I have read Pliny, and Plutarch I have heard mention made of the ideas of Aristotle, Seneca, Barbo and others, but they have their interests and I mine. Pray don't worry me with what learned men have written, for I am not versed in it so. Don Roderigo, that women never go on explorations like this?"

"Even so, senorita."

"Yet I am here!"

"To share in the glory!" exclaimed Leon.

"Ah!" she replied thoughtfully. "The glory, the glory, I shall gladly have of them! And I am first of my sex to voyage thus, why, the very first fashion pioneer. From this time my heart is wrapped in the venture!"

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its mouth to have her as its prey, and she grasped at the first chance to question Don Roderigo.

That cavalier was discreet, but she matched pertinacity against his reserve, and, reading what he did not tell in full, she acquired fuller knowledge of conditions on board than even he guessed.

Alonzo had the feed was still sailing west; the weather being mild with a fairly fresh breeze and a sea that barely tossed the ships in a swell. Don Enrique had yielded to weariness and retired for the night, but Inez seemed to recuperate anew with each hour, and she was on deck with Columbus and Roderigo, Leon and Admiral Blas, and noticed certain things of interest to the girl, and he made the acquaintance of three. Eventually, too, he pleaded business and, going close to the binnacle, sat there and gave attention to certain papers at which he occasionally looked by the lantern he held.

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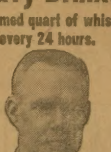
(Continued on page twelve.)

I WAS A Heavy Drinker

Consumed quart of whiskey every 24 hours.



CURED IN 3 DAYS

If you know anyone who drinks ad-libitum, and cannot control the appetite, tell them of the Keeley Cure. I was a heavy drinker. I drank beer at first, then gradually descended to whiskey. I consumed a quart of whiskey every 24 hours. I could not go to work or rest or sleep without drinking. I was a nervous wreck. I had some mental attacks and fears that I was going insane. I had spells when I could not control myself. I finally took the Keeley Cure. I was cured in three days and have not touched a drop of liquor since. That was nearly a year ago. I have regained my energy for the leisure that gave me life. I have gained 20 pounds in flesh. I was repeated to me. I was cured. I did not see my friends. I did not see my family. I did not see my children. I did not see my wife. I did not see my husband. I did not see my brother. I did not see my sister. I did not see my mother. I did not see my father. I did not see my son. I did not see my daughter. I did not see my grandson. 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Caught on the Rebound.

"You are like all the rest of your sex," groaned the disgusted husband. "You think too much of dress."

"Oh, I don't know," replied his fussy bride. "I've worn the dress I have on for three seasons—and I don't think much of it."

No Wonder.

Dyer—There goes a man that everybody is willing to listen to.

Myer—What's the explanation?

Dyer—He won't talk.

Playing Safe.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "this is the third time I have had to punish you this week. Why are you so naughty?"

"Because," answered the incorrigible youngster, "grandpa says the good die young, and I ain't takin' any chances."

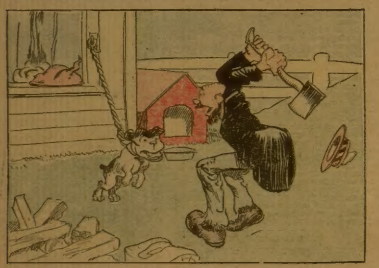
He Was Mistaken.

He had loved and lost.

"You are a heartless coquette," he said. "That's where your knowledge has a flaw in it," she replied. "I have the hearts of half a dozen young men in this town."

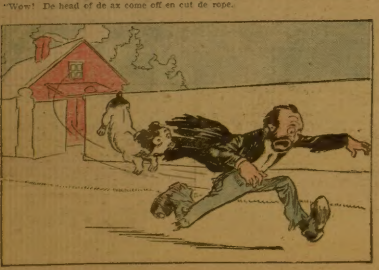
FOILED.

Heartless Hungerford—Ul lay ye low, me fierce dorg, and—



Dan: it's for de fine victuals.

"Wow! De head of de ax come off en cut de rope.



"Help! Lemme go! That's a good doggie! I wuzn't doin' nuthin' ter you!"

TICKLISH

MOTHER'S "NOTIONS"

Good for Young People to Follow.

"My little grandson often comes up to show me how large the muscles of his arms are.

"He was a delicate child, but has developed into a strong, healthy boy and Postum has been the principal factor.

"I was induced to give him the Postum because of my own experience with it.

"I am sixty years old, and have been a victim of nervous dyspepsia for many years. Have tried all sorts of medicines and had treatment from many physicians, but no permanent relief came. I believe nervous dyspeptics suffer more than other sick people, as they are affected mentally as well as physically.

"I used to read the Postum advertisements in our paper. At first I gave but little attention to them, thinking it was a fraud like so many I had tried, but finally something in one of the advertisements made me conclude to try it.

"I was very particular to have it prepared strictly according to directions, and used good, rich cream. It was very nice indeed, and about bedtime I said to the members of the family that I believed I felt better. One of them laughed and said, 'That's another of mother's notions,' but the notion has not left me yet.

"I continued to improve right along after leaving off coffee and taking Postum, and now after three years' use I feel so well that I am almost young again. I know Postum was the cause of the change in my health and I cannot say too much in its favor. I wish I could persuade all nervous people to use it."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

By Different Roads.

A prominent New Hampshire farmer of the old type has two grown-up sons. One is a preacher of the Gospel, while the other is a liquor dealer.

A New Yorker in company with several other friends, was talking at the old man's home about his family. At last one of the company present asked the old man what his sons did for a living.

The old man replied: "One is serving the Lord, and the other the devil, and both are doing well."

FRECKLES.

It Is Easy to Remove Them.

For years I tried every known remedy without success. Skin specialists and doctors said I would take them to the grave. I decided them all.

I cured myself by a simple harmless. I will send you the prescription free if you will write for it. It took off my freckles and the freckles of thousands of others. It will remove yours. It will clear the worst complexion. Write today. Address Mrs. E. C. White, Box 66, Dept. I F, Buffalo, N. Y.

Why He Was Thankful.

Weigler—You seem to have a wonderful friendship for Turner.

Gausler—I ought to have; he saved my life once.

Weigler—How did it happen?

Gausler—He jumped into the river after me.

Weigler—How came you to be in the river?

Gausler—Turner had rocked the boat.

Do You Want to Sell Your Farm?

I want information immediately about a good grain or stock farm that can be had at a bargain. Writing for it, calling to pay your price. Write me at once for full particulars. Address Arthur Capper, Dept. 324, Topeka, Kansas.

Stung Again.

The famous goose had just laid another golden egg.

"Why am I like a summer shower?" she queried of the musical cat.

"Search me," rejoined the cat who played fiddle, "but I'll be the goat. What's the answer?"

"Because I lay the 'dust,'" explained the goose.

FREE ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER CURE.

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Bldg., St. Mary's, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever on which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by express to anyone who will write him for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

The Proper Size.

"For years," admitted the old bachelor, "I have made the mistake of hiding my light under a bushel."

"Yes," rejoined the young widow, "I have often wondered why you used a bushel for that purpose when a pint cup would have answered the purpose."

A Life Position.

Annette—Ethel is about to accept a lifetime job of twenty-four hours a day.

Florence—Indeed!

Annette—Yes. She is going to marry a man to reform him.

THE FAMILY OUTING.

Sister likes the mountain,
Mother likes the sea;
No one asks me what I like—
I don't count, you see.
Brother's fond of fishing,
And yachting o'er the foam;
Father's fond of comfort—
So he stays at home.

Doubtful Compliment.

Critic—I overheard a compliment at the art exhibition on that painting of yours entitled "A Decayed Forest."

De Auber—Indeed!

Critic—Yes. A stranger, after looking it over carefully, remarked that it was rotten.

Proof at Hand.

Magistrate—Who is the prisoner?

Policeman—He says he's a foreign nobleman, your honor.

Magistrate—Did you search him?

Policeman—Yes, and all I found was a pawn ticket and three cents.

Magistrate—Then he evidently told the truth.

Plausible Theory.

Bright—It's the honest men in this world who need watching.

Dense—How's that?

Bright—Oh, the dishonest ones will cheat you anyhow, whether you watch them or not.

Not Long to Wait.

Mildred—Since our engagement George has been perfectly devoted to me. Do you think he will continue to love me when I am old?

Clarice—Really, dear, I can't say—but you'll soon know.

Still Unanswered.

Little Willie—Say, pa, are second thoughts best?

Pa—So we are told, my son.

Little Willie—Then why don't people have them first?

The Goddess of Liberty.

Mr. Wearl—Why in creation don't you go to bed?

Mrs. Wearl—I must wait up for the girl.

"Why don't you lock her out?"

"I'm afraid she'd stay out."

Our Little Faith.

Mrs. Blinks—Dear me, it's raining! How am I to get this letter mailed?

Friend—Hand it to the letter carrier.

Mrs. Blinks—Huh! He'd forget all about it. He's a man.

Only Way.

Howell—They treated me fine at the Blinks' reception yesterday.

Powell—Yes, I heard that they mistook you for somebody else.

TACKLES

Not an Easy Task.

"It seems to me you take a good while for lunch," said the fussy boss. "You've been gone nearly two hours, yet restaurants are as thick as fleas on a dog's back about here."

"I'm sorry, sir," replied the poorly paid employe, "but I was hunting for a place within my means."

Caustic Criticism.

Scribbles—Quiller tells me he has a great mind to write a book.

Dribbles—I don't believe it.

Scribbles—Don't believe what—that he can write a book?

Dribbles—Oh, he may be able to write a book, but I don't believe he has a great mind.

A Man of Sense.

Mrs. Naggs—My husband is a man of sense, anyway.

Mrs. Waggs—Oh, is he?

Mrs. Naggs—Yes. Every time I let him have his own way he sees afterward how he could have improved upon it.

Pa's Idea of It.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is the "pale of civilization"?

Pa—Oh, I suppose its some new brand of face powder, my son.

A Wonderful Breed.

Seymour—I hear you have evolved a wonderful breed of laying hens?

Ashley—You bet I have! They beat anything I've ever seen. They don't need roosts.

Seymour—Don't need roosts?

Ashley—No, sir! they're laying night and day.

Always Praises.

Gyer—That fellow Merriman reminds me of a tombstone.

Myers—Because he is dead set in his ways, eh?

Gyer—No; because he always has a good word for a man when he's down.

Her Observation.

"Did you know," said the scientific boarder, "that a clock ticks faster in winter than in summer?"

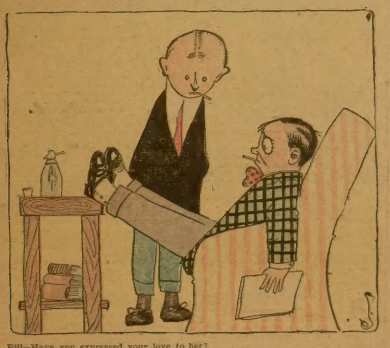
"No, I wasn't aware that a clock did," answered the landlady, "but I know a gas meter does."

She Hadn't Noticed.

Isabelle (congratulating Elizabeth on her engagement to Clarence)—Oh, oh, oh, I'm so glad! And how did he propose, dear?

Elizabeth—I really don't know, Belle; I was so anxious to do my part that I didn't notice what he was doing.

SAD CATASTROPHE.



Bill—Have you expressed your love to her?

Willie—Yes; but her father threw the switch and ditched the express.

Need of Haste.

The Doctor—Mrs. Browning telephoned me to come over to see her husband. I must go at once.

His Wife—What is the matter with him?

The Doctor—I don't know; but Mrs. Browning has a book entitled "What to Do Before the Doctor Comes" and I must get there before she does it.

On the Safer Side.

Mrs. Teagood—I am surprised that you let your daughter read such trashy novels.

Mrs. Veragood—Well, it's the only way I can keep her from getting hold of the daily papers and reading the scandals of so-called first-class society.

A Busy Life.

Sub-Editor—A dispatch from the penitentiary says the convicts have struck, and refuse to work unless they can have pie twice a day.

Great Editor (busily)—Counsel moderation and arbitration.

Overexertion.

Kind Lady—How did you become so lame?

Tramp—Overexertion, mum.

Lady—Indeed! In what way?

Tramp—Movin' on every time a perliceman told me.

The Rival Belles.

He—I really believe Miss Highup tried to cut us.

She (rival belle)—If she had tried she would have succeeded. Did you ever see such a hatchet-face?

The Real Need.

Said He—I have employed an instructor in elocution to teach me how to talk.

Said She—What you need is some one to teach you what to say.

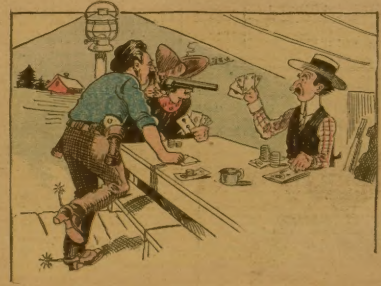
Successive Cooks.

"I make a pretty good thing out of that client."

"Plenty of litigation, eh?"

"Oh, no. She thinks she ought to leave something to her cook, and it keeps me busy drawing up new wills."

HE KNEW.



Sharper—So you call me? Well, there's three fours and a pair of aces. Badland Bill—Hands up, stranger! I didn't deal you no aces!

A Family Trait.

Asum—I see there's some talk upon the question of abolishing capital punishment. Would you vote to abolish it?

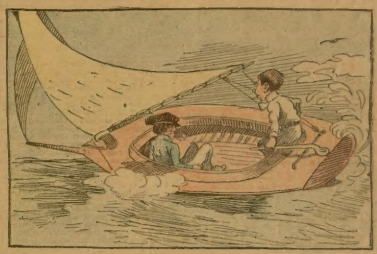
Logie—No, sir; capital punishment was good enough for my ancestors, and it's good enough for me.

It All Depends.

"Do drummers really get business by telling funny stories?"

"Depends altogether upon the customer," replied the traveling salesman. "Sometimes I tell funny stories and sometimes I abuse the trusts."

THE TAX DODGER.



Norbert—I heah the dog catchers are aftah Willie.

Vance—Yeth; he didn't take out a license for his bulldog pipe.

LONG DISTANCE.

"Money talks," they say. "Yes, money talks,"
And it may be true, we'll own;
But it certainly must use when it talks to us—
A 'L. D.' telephone.

Usually.

"This is a bum restaurant."

"Sh! This isn't a restaurant. It's a famous chop house."

"Huh! Why 'chop house'?"

"Why—er—because you have to have a hatchet to carve your steak."

Mighty Particular.

Ella—She's very exclusive.

Stella—Well, I should say so—she will not order half a chicken at a restaurant unless she knows who is to have the other half.

Getting Impatient.

Slowboy—Do you—er—think your father would kick me out if I was to—er—ask him for your hand?

Miss Willing—No. But I'm afraid he will if you don't ask him pretty soon.

The Sageville Sage.

"What is the secret of happiness," asked the young person.

"The secret of happiness," replied the sage of Sageville, "consists of being perfectly satisfied with what you haven't got!"

WOODEN COURTSHIP.

"I pine for you," the young man cried.
She took him unawares.
"Spruce up! Spruce up! ere papa comes,
He's lumbering up the stairs!"

Right After the Introduction.

"Pardon me," faltered young Mr. Softleigh—"I didn't catch your last name."

"Pardon me," whispered Miss Knott, blushing, "I haven't caught it myself yet."

So Says Pa.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is faith without works?

Pa—Faith without works, my son, is about as useless as a watch without wheels.

A Rude Census Clerk.

"Shucks, what does the census amount to?"

"What's the trouble, Uncle Pelog?"

"Ad dat durned enumerator wanted was a lot of figgers. Wouldn't pay no attention to the details of my rheumatism or my last marriage."

Gossip.

Mrs. Doolittul—Isn't that Grinkle woman homely?

Mrs. Dairymple—I should say she was! If I were she I'd never look in the mirror unless it was veiled.

As Others See Us.

First Summer Girl—That girl from Cincinnati is awfully stuck up, isn't she?

Second Girl—Yes, she seems to think she's the whole ocean because she wears a marcel wave.

AGENTS WANTED

YOU CAN MAKE FROM $3 TO $12 A DAY

You need no experience because we teach you everything and help you make money from the start. If now employed, you don't have to give up your spare time but can increase it, and make your regular wages amount to. Write and let us explain our plan. We have many handsome testimonials, all from sellers. Cannot be brought in store.

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AGENTS CREDIT HANDKERCHIEFS MAKE $10 A DAY Represent a big manufacturer. Goods sell on sight. Free Samples. Unique selling proposition. Write today. Fremont Mfg. Co., 218 Bean St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Dept. 452.

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An Airship Mystery;

Or, The Strange Story of Gloria

BY WELDON J. COBB

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CHAPTER XXII.
GLORIA.

ONCE again Rose Cottage, once again Rose Cottage in the moonlight—just as he had approached it the first night of his arrival from the city so many long nights ago, so it seemed. John Darrell passed through the pretty flower-scented garden and paused behind a great rose-bush that stood directly upon the porch with its swaying hammock and flattering honeysuckle vines.

Standing there amid the peaceful scene, it seemed to him as though this were the same night, the same occasion to which he had ridden the woman he loved, and all that dark, adventurous interval a dream.

There was a movement on the veranda, just as fair girlish figure arose from its knee-drawn to the outer edge of the porch, and leaning against one of the supporting posts of the structure, lifted its head wearily and face to the full moon beaming down upon her.

"Gloria—Gloria!" breathed the hidden watcher excitedly, and he drew back quickly with the sensation that he had stepped indiscreetly.

It was that long last night of nights over again, only then she was dressed in white, and now she was in black—in memory of her sister. Darrell could not move. The quiet, statuesque figure fascinated him, held eyes and soul in one long, fixed, yet ecstatic sentiment itself. Then he roused himself. He had come here with a knowledge, a definite purpose, and he must rigidly execute his mission, for so he had pledged himself to Burton, the detective.

It was now three days since Darrell had so strangely awakened in the old hut at the river side to find in his rescuer and nurse a staunch, useful friend. When it was made known to him this man was no other than the noted detective in disguise, Darrell realized that a climax, a focus had arrived in the plots of Tyson, in which he had involuntarily become a sentient part.

Burton explained little, but advised and directed much. He manufactured a deep practical interest in all that Darrell told him of his past. He made him go over and over in detail all the particulars of his experience at the dismantled house in the city, the latter fugitive

Chester Burton," said Darrell. "I recognize the description of it that I have seen before."

Then Darrell made a tour of the vicinity. They hired the half breed to stay and guard the airship. The detective accompanied Darrell. At a little distance they came in sight of the most weird and lonely stretch of landscape they had yet discovered.

A series of hills, standing like sentinels guarding the gulch, brought back to the memory of Darrell his many explorations of maps and charts while assisting Chester in his investigations.

He was quite excited and sanguine as he told his companion that he was satisfied that they had reached the spot described by the fugitive banker in his letter to his brother, Mr. Chester.

They narrowed down exploration and conjecture finally to a definite point. Within the valley several spires of hills arose, with a formation at the top like that of some humanly constructed tower. Darrell at last settled upon two of these as the most probable prototypes of the peaks described in the Chester manuscript.

"I believe you have struck the trail," said the detective. "Here is the spot, here's the airship, but where is this man Chester and our man, Tyson?"

That was a mystifying question. Aside from the wrecked airship there was no trace of the treasure seekers to be found.

"They may have met with the mishap of wrecking the airship and have gone for new or other apparatus," suggested the detective.

"I hardly think that," demurred Darrell. "The airship is not so badly used up but that some trifling repairs will put it in condition again. I fear something has happened to them."

"It seems hopeless searching for them," said Burton. "If you believe some one of those sentinel-like peaks yonder is the spot that Chester was aiming for, we should try and reach it. Look there, Darrell! I didn't notice this before."

Describing a circle in their walk around the base of one of the great cliff-like peaks, the detective pointed to its apex.

There, fluttering to the breeze, high aloft was a piece of cloth. it was tied to the end of a tree branch.

"Why," exclaimed Darrell, with a start, "it is a signal!"

"A signal surely it is," assented the detective confidently. "That looks queer."

"It could not have fallen or been blown there," said Darrell. "Mr. Burton, there is something to this."

"I think so. I am sure of it."

"There is some one aloft there."

"Or some one has been there and left the signal to mark the spot," submitted Burton.

They freed their guns and shouted. It was a great distance to the apex of the cone, but if anybody was there they must have heard the demonstration at the base of the great peak.

No reply was vouchsafed, and the two wayfarers returned to the spot where they had left the half breed.

"We must investigate this," decided Burton.

"You mean we must get to the top of that peak?"

"Yes."

"There is only one way."

"I know it."

"Can we make it?"

"We can try."

And now the experiment was in process. Darrell in his former engineering experience had studied something of the operation of these ingenious motors. It took them all of the rest of a day to repair the dismantled machine.

Early in the morning the airship had been removed to a high range of hills, a mile or less beyond the mountain peak, where they had noticed the signal.

Darrell also insisted on making the attempt at flying. It was his first experience in that grand line of locomotion, he had not seen some practical experiments and demonstrations at that field for the past.

The machine was finally repaired and the conditions seemed favorable for a flight. One or more trials were made for short stretches, and they came out as Darrell scientifically calculated.

At last the final preparations for a grand flight were consummated. Burton knew how to get Darrell started, and the latter believed that he could engineer safely and comfortably the machine so as to reach the peak where the signal had been seen.

"Ready?" Burton had asked.

"Yes."

"Then—go."

The detective and the half breed ran along with the machine. Darrell seated aeridship. They gave it a start, and it shot laterally up into the air almost with the speed of an arrow leaving the bow.

With a certain sense of satisfaction and exhilaration Darrell felt himself speed upwards. He had reached the altitude several hundred feet above the apex of the mountain peak before he shot at an ultimate destination.

Suddenly with a whir and a creak the flexible machine struck a new tangent. Some tricky current of breeze or overweight of balance drove Darrell sidewise. With a frightful velocity the airship made a dart for terra firma.

"It's going to smash," yelled the excited detective.

He and the half breed started down an incline to reach the valley where it seemed certain that the airship would fall.

They saw the machine gracefully swoop directly over the top of the mountain peak where the signal showed.

Then for a moment intervening bushes cut off their view. And then, clearing this obstruction, they saw the airship whirl, careen, speed and drive straight down into the darkest depths of the gulch.

Crash!—they caught the echo of an ominous contact against the rocks.

Poor Gloria! sister gone, father missing and the man who loved her—was she never to see him again?

CHAPTER XXVI.
FOUND.

When Burton the detective reached the gully where the airship had disappeared, he stared blankly down into the fearsome depths of the gully in a blank, chilled way.

"Um gone," observed the half breed, with puzzling eyes.

"Yes, the fall can not help but mean destruction, annihilation to man and machine, poor Darrell!"

"Hoo!" gasped the half breed suddenly.

"Hello!" ejaculated Burton, with a start.

Clear and resonant, there had rung out from overhead an echoing whistle.

"Our signal!" muttered the detective wonderingly. "What can it mean?"

The call was agreed on between himself and Darrell and was original with them, and Burton could not account for its utterance now. The half breed had heard it before and began in a superstitious way.

"Hoo! ghost whistle!" he chattered.

The call was repeated far aloft, and then high over the edge of the high mountain peak a hand was waved.

Darrell's shout was detective, amazed and delighted. "He has escaped!"

Darrell it was who waved a reassuring hand to the men below. He had, indeed, escaped. The airship had skimmed the top of the mountain peak, but there, although unseen by his friends, Darrell had quickly dropped from the machine, foreseeing certain death if he continued the mad downward plunge.

Darrell had landed in a heap on a pile of stones. He was almost stunned. As he collected his scattered senses, however, and gazed about him, a startled cry arose to his lips.

Prostrate on the ground lay a familiar figure. It was that of Mr. Carter. He was thin and haggard-looking. Either in a daze or weakness he eyes were closed, and he did not move until Darrell leaned over him solicitously and strove to rouse him up. The sight of Gloria's father in all that distress was a source of wonderment and pity to the young man.

"Mr. Chester! Mr. Chester!" called Darrell urgently.

"Who is it?" breathed the old man wearily, opening his eyes.

It is Darrell—do you not recognize me? What does this mean? How came you here? Where is Tyson, with whom you went away from Rose Cottage?"

"Rosecottage?"

"Yes."

"Villain."

"You mean that he is a villain?"

"Yes," nodded Chester weakly. "He deserted me here. I have been left to starve, to die. Ah, the hidden fortune! What has become of it? Is it all lost to me? Surrounded by intense excitement, Chester fell back, helpless and insensible.

Darrell saw that the condition of the old man was a serious one. He was weak and famished for the lack of food. Darrell reflected for a moment or two. Then he took out his memorandum book, hastily penciled a note, and tying it around a piece of bowlder buried it below so that it landed near the feet of the detective.

The brief message advised Burton clearly of the course Darrell would take, and the clever wits were in useful action. It took an hour to carry out his plans.

They had found near the dismantled airship, when they had first come upon it, a good, serviceable piece of rope, carried for contingencies. There was a large supply of string, too. This was used. Darrell made the half breed understand that he wished to send a life line down over the top of the peak whence they had been signaled by Darrell.

The Indian soon constructed a bow and arrow. After an effort or two he managed to send an arrow over the peak, the string attachment traveling to the other side. This Darrell aloft secured. A stronger twine was tied to this first line, and very soon after that Darrell had the satisfaction of drawing up a quantity of food and flask of water.

Again Darrell aroused Mr. Chester. Half-famished as was the latter, the sight of food and drink made him fairly frantic. Darrell restrained him as best he could. It was fully two hours before Chester was strong enough to rise to his feet.

Darrell explained to Chester that he and Burton the detective, knowing the murderous character of the arrested Rosecommon, had been trying to overtake them for more than a week. There was a ring of unmistakable earnestness and truth to the words of Darrell that impressed the old man. His former dark aversion and suspicions seemed to vanish, as he realized that he owed his life to the man he had almost cursed as their last meeting near Lisle.

"He was a villain, indeed," said Chester, referring to Tyson. "This peak seemed to be the one described in our dead brother's manuscript. We both managed to fly to this point with the airship. It was nearly dark when we came here. We searched in vain for the expected treasure. However, under a rock we found a piece of birch bark. Scratched on its surface in the handwriting of my dear brother was the legend that the twin mountain peak about three hundred feet from this valley

"Yes," nodded Darrell, noticing the spot indicated by his companion.

The screed told that there we would find the hidden fortune. I was anxious to at once return to that point. Rosecommon, with specious excuses put off the trial till daylight. We prepared our evening meal. Later I lay down to sleep. I awoke with a start to find the thief, the villain, just stepping behind the airship. I ran forward.

"But too late."

Yes, the airship left the edge of our mountain eyrie with the swiftness of a bird."

"Here's the airship!"

CHAPTER XXVII.
CONCLUSION.

"And then?" queried Darrell, intensely engrossed in the recital of Chester—"and then?"

The old man made a despairing gesture with his arms.

"Then," he replied, "I knew that the man had played me false, I recognized that it was a part of his plan to lure me to this desolate spot and abandon me. He was safe in leaving me to die and ride, for, as you see, this peak is inaccessible from the ground, and to attempt to descend would be to court instant death."

"Did you see where the airship went to when it sailed away from here?" asked Darrell.

"Yes," responded Chester, "in the direction of the peak I have pointed out to you. But I lost sight of it in the darkness."

We found the airship a wreck some distance from here," explained Darrell.

"There was one thing that occurred that thrilled me strangely for some time," said Chester.

"What was that?"

"The morning after I was deserted I heard wild, frantic cries from the vicinity of the other mountain peak."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I fancied the tones were those of Rosecommon and some acute distress."

"That is strange."

"Then I forgot—but I must tell you—after he had abandoned me I found a second piece of writing left here by my brother. It advised concerning finding the hidden treasure."

"And that did that mean?"

"I wondered if in his mental distress my brother had confided the final hiding place of the fortune with some trap—if Rosecommon had not fallen into it, and if the cries I heard were his."

"The other peak must be visited," said Darrell. "And now we have the valley. Is that is possible."

It was no child's play, arranging for their escape from the eerie height. Fortunately they had found a large supply of tackle and rope with the dismantled airship. Using the cord sent aloft by the unerring arrow of the half breed to advance, Darrell drew up twisted a good-sized cable, and securing this about a rock both he and Chester were able to descend to their friends below.

It was later in the day when they moved to the vicinity of the second mountain peak. Again the services of the Indian archer were called into service. After diligent effort a cord was shot through the peak and again Darrell volunteered to make an ascent.

The daring adventurer reached the apex, slit with torn clothing, bruised body and bleeding hands, and breathless from his arduous exertions. When he had rested himself for a spell, Darrell crossed the top of the peak to make a test.

He sat upon a dead log.

It was fine prey indeed, Roosevelt—the real Rolfe Tyson.

He lay entangled in coils of some ingenious mesh trap composed of heavy wire and springs evidently placed here by the demented dead thinker to entrap any trusting

He must have reached the peak in a after deserting Chester in the

Darrell, too, had the dead bo investigated a cave-like depression i mountain peak.

When he came across a small metal box stowed away in a secluded aperture in the rock, he felt sanguine that he had discovered the hidden treasure

Well, Mr. Darrell, life is now all before

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Clyde Darrell smiled sadly at the enthusiastic exclamation of the detective. [illegible]

It was two weeks after the finding of the body of Robin Tyson and the hidden fortune.

They had buried the dead plotter near the spot where his greed for gold had led to his death; but not before the detective who had trailed him so long and so far had searched his clothing thoroughly.

The fortune of the dead banker was found intact. The Chesters, father and daughter, [illegible] turned to Delaware with Chester, but Darrell [illegible]

It was impossible for him, under his promise to dead Ruth Chester, to explain the mysteries of the past that formed an insurmountable barrier between himself and [illegible] and it would only [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] to recite the wonderful story of his success in finding the hidden fortune of Chester.

Mr. Chester had insisted on pressing a [illegible] discovering the fortune, but Darrell had refused to accept any reward.

Darrell discovered that he was almost as rich as Chester. When they got settled at the hotel at Delaware, the detective told [illegible]

He had been pursuing Tyson all the years because he had been party to a fraud in which a false legatee had laid claim to a certain Langworthy estate, and had run away with quite a sum of money. The detective had believed that Tyson knew where the real heir was, and had been trailing him with that thought in his mind.

From the papers found on Tyson and the story Darrell told of his early protector abroad, there now can be no doubt that he was the true heir to the Langworthy estate at Cincinnati, and they were now at the little depot at Delaware awaiting a train to convey them on their journey.

Darrell paced the depot platform with bowed head and subdued spirits. He felt that he was leaving Doris and Rose Conway forever. The moon had gone behind a cloud, and at first he failed to recognize a cloaked form suddenly coming across his path.

"You will forgive me, Mr. Darrell, I know," she said, quite brokenly, as she confronted him, "but I just learned from my father that you were leaving for good!

"I fear that is true," replied Darrell, with a sorrowful smile.

"Oh, it must not be—that must not be!" declared the beautiful girl distractedly. "At least, Mr. Darrell, you must tell you how much we appreciate your kindness, your nobleness—see," and she extended a package in her hand, "my father has given me a large part of his fortune. Let it be your reward—"

"Impossible!"

"I give it to you freely."

"I thank you, but I can not accept the reward," answered Darrell. "It is sufficient that I have been of service to a family every member of which I respect and love."

Gloria was silent. She stood trembling all over. Darrell, aside by the thrall of her glowing eyes, seemed almost unable to control the [illegible] impulse of his soul, to fall her how he loved her.

Then—stood-by," she said, and there were tears in her voice.

Darrell took her hand and retained it in his [illegible]

he said, gently. "I hope, Miss Chester, you do not misconstrue [illegible] sat, that you do not believe me the willful [illegible]

cried Gloria, her true womanly soul aroused. "The lady who was with Ruth when she died has told me all. A recreant!"

"Oh, Mr. Darrell, Clyde, you have a hero—a martyr!"

"Gloria, is it possible that [illegible] ...ctected. "Do Leon, pray speak first.

"I love you—you only, if I am worthy, my hero! my king

He covered it in his arms, both swaying as in ecstacy of great joy. The moon shone out from behind a cloud, and within the glory of its beautiful radiance there was no shadow of another parting.

(The end.)

Sailing With Columbus.

(Continued from page seven.)

"Too late," he replied. "It is gone; I see it."

Neither did Leon then. He again swept on, sensr, but you have dreamed. No lookout, indeed, and though I have been sedulously peering into the fog I have seen nothing."

A quick retort was on Leon's lips, but he did not speak. Further words had seen nothing was Manuel del Olfo, second mate of the caravel, and it would do no good to antagonize him, but Leon knew the man had slept at his post. The chair so lately tipped over had lured him too strongly. To what nook the lookouts forward had napped it out Leon could not say, but it was plain negligence had been universally engendered by the supposed safety of the sea.

Leon was studying how he could best settle matters with the mate, and supposed that would be all just then, but a firm step sounded in the companionway and Columbus made his appearance. The master voyager might sink in slumber, but he was never too sound in sleep to fail overhearing the cry that told of something new in the sea-[illegible]

"What is it?" he demanded quickly.

"A dark cloud floated past," explained the mate hurriedly, "and was thought to be a [illegible]

"It was no cloud!" cried a spirited voice, and Inez Leonard flew to his side. "You, Leon Leon saw it, and so did I. A ship, lord admiral, and with more on her deck engaged in desperate fight. That was no cloud, plainly. Oh! it was a shocking sight!"

"And you, Senor Otto, what saw your?"

"A cloud!" sullenly returned the mate. "No more! And I am a veteran mariner!"

"Does a cloud carry lights and have a deck?" demanded Inez.

The mate was holding a lantern somewhat elevated, and its light revealed the fact that the retort brought confusion and dismay to him, but Columbus, after sweeping a keen glance to each face, first gazed [illegible] the outlying fog and answered with his unfailing patience:

"Let me hear the story of all parties," he directed. "Don Leon, pray speak first."

The young man told what he had seen, and Inez corroborated him in all re[illegible]

"Senor Columbus can directly [illegible] Leon added, "ay, and so near [illegible] that I could have tossed [illegible] the caravel to the brizantine"

The mate shook his head as if still doubting, but had been allowed time to [illegible]

"[illegible] was this," he explained. "The [illegible] ...as for some time, and I was peering sharply at the dark bank of cloud that I saw there when Don Leon cried out and indicated a sail from our leeward side. He did not see it ward, however, and I may have kept my attention too long on the cloud. Certainly I saw no ship."

Leon smiled faintly. He understood that the mate was anxious to hide the fact that he had been sleeping, and his device was the old one of [illegible] ...ing to windward would not see to leeward, though this fact would not excuse his failure to shift his gaze. There was no excuse for that, so the mariner refrained from trying it.

Columbus had listened and looked, and Inez could have sworn he read the truth with his penetrating regard, but he let it [illegible]

"I am truly astonished," he said slowly. "I believed a cooler head had ever cut these waters, but your testimony is not to be refuted. Remote as we are, another vessel is near. And her men were in fight, say you."

"Desperately, lord admiral! They were at each other like wild beasts, grappled and wielding [illegible]

"What manner of men were they?"

"Big, rough and coarse, and with faces that looked worse than the faces of pirates. It was my fortune, a year back, to see terribly desperate criminals in prison in Spain, and these voyagers reminded me of them in their ugly character."

"And the vessel was a brigantine?"

"Ay, sir."

"That vessel much used by pirates, and though I know not what a pirate would do where he has no prey in view, your description fits piratical men. The character of the ship is important. If you are sure it was not a carrick, a marsilliana, a tartane or a gumbary—but I do not question your knowledge, as I have found you a good amateur sailor."

"The ship was a brigantine. It had not the square stern of the marsilliana, nor was it so large as a gumbary—in brief, lord admiral, it was a brigantine."

"Enough, Don Leon! Your decision is not to be faulted. Well, it hardly seems to concern us. If a pirate has laid his course thus [illegible] Azores he will not be here in the [illegible] many, but the quarrels of pirates can not demand our attention. Is not that [illegible] Don Leon?"

"Ay, sir," he replied.

Columbus turned away, peered into the [illegible] and the deck from side to side for [illegible] minutes, and then paced the [illegible] then, after a few kindly words to the [illegible] went below. Inez and Leon gazed after him, the one uncertain and the [illegible] quite assured.

"Ought we not," the girl asked, "to give [illegible] that dreadful ship?"

"In a way, perhaps we ought, but the admiral's decision is logical and just. I agree with him that it is the wisest [illegible] craft, and with such we have no concern."

"But, Leon, it is a pirate, a [illegible] ship. Why should pirates be here, far from plunder? It is [illegible] the impression that it may be aboard that stranger, [illegible] it is a vessel that carries a living nightmare. Is [illegible] myself that there is our help needed?"

"I believe we may safely say, no. Be that as it may, the ship was under sail and, her course being although [illegible] she is now well away. In this [illegible] we should scarcely find her if we tried, and to lie-to until morning would be to lose much time [illegible]

He was interrupted. Inez had been moving restlessly, and her foot struck against something on the deck. She bent and picked it up.

"See, see!" she exclaimed. "It is a bit of parchment, and weighted with iron. Do you know, even in that moment of alarm the [illegible] was staying in my mind that something was thrown from the deck of the stranger to our ship. I heard the thud as it struck close to us. Now I know it was right. What have we here—"

Leon caught up a deck-light and held it forward. The parchment was in Inez's hand, and they bent over it together. The mate had gone closer to the binnacle and they practically had the scene to themselves.

"There is writing," said Leon wonderingly, "but it is sadly blurred. It is as if lately written, and then washed by water. I fail to decipher anything."

"It is a little more than a smear of ink, yet—what is here? I can read, 'A ship of horrors! Dreadful! Is there mercy? Why, what have we further on? See, see!"

"What is it?"

"A word not blotted, and it is—do you see?—the word is 'Help!' Oh, what tragedy of the deep on has we seen afloat?"

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The energetic editor of the Gungswamp Advocate was rudely awakened from his afternoon slumber in his office chair by a [illegible] ringing of the telephone bell. At [illegible] he thought it was the jingle of silver coin and a smile played over his sunken features, but when he realized what it was he sprang to his feet.

"Hello," shouted he, seizing a pad and pencil.

"Hello!" came the answer. "Is this the Advocate office?"

"Yes, and this is the office-er. What do you want?"

"Wal, say, they's be'n a murder committed out here on my farm an' I wanter hev you come right out an' write it up."

"A murder! What makes you think so?"

"Wal, I jest found a body in a coat and a pair uv spectacles down in my south medder, an' they ain't another blessed thing [illegible] ...ept ...ounded. Oh, it's murder, all right."

"Have you run down all the clews?"

"Yes, an' all the stock. Ain't even a footprint in the grass."

"All right, I'll be right out."

The editor had jumped into his shoes and coat, and was already [illegible] ...assisting boy, when the bell rang a second time.

"Hello!" he shouted nervously.

"Hello!" came the answer. "You needn't come out. An airship feller hez just come in an' he hez dropped [illegible]

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Or, The Minute Boys of Liberty

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CHAPTER I.

THE YOUNG APPRENTICE.

NESTLED among the stocks in the Quaker City were striking two, one May afternoon in the year 1776, when an agile, manly-looking boy of 16 ran into a jeweler's shop on Chestnut street, and called to a youth of his own age who was seated at a workbench at a bench.

"Come to the door, Rodney, and see the sights! The Queen's Rangers are coming down the street!"

Dropping a delicate piece of mechanism on the white cloth before him, the young apprentice sprang to his feet and joined his friend at the entrance.

"Here they come!" exclaimed Tom Clover. "Just look at them, Rodney! See how proudly they ride. That's Colonel Simcoe leading. I wonder if he's getting back from a foray across the river?"

Rodney, the young watchmaker, did not reply, but watched the advancing troop with a good deal of interest, as it was on the first time he had seen this celebrated regiment since the King's army had taken possession of Philadelphia. Despite the fact that the Queen's Rangers were fighting against American liberty, he admired their brilliant uniforms and the grace with which they rode, as if the eyes of the whole world were upon them. They looked not yet a young man already famous, and he had given him a good deal of attention. He was always ready to make a raid and capture some outpost, and Washington had as yet failed to obtain a real victory over the audacious Rangers.

Down the middle of the street, watched by hundreds of people, rode Simcoe's men.

Their scarlet uniforms looked gay in the sunlight and their fancy plumes kissed the lively breeze.

"If only Washington could get a good whack at those haughty fellows," said Rodney, "and see them running, General Howe's headquarters this very morning and I bend him sure that the Rangers were the right arm of his army."

"Of course they were," responded Tom, as he kept his eye riveted on the regiment now almost abreast of them. "The Tories think they are invincible, I suppose."

"Silence!" broke in the young watchmaker, as he suddenly clutched Tom's arm. "Here comes Master Joram."

At that moment a pompous-looking man of 50 came abruptly to a halt in front of the boys. He was the proprietor of the jewelry shop and a Tory as all Philadelphia knew.

"How do you like the Rangers, boys?" asked Joram, as he glanced at Rodney and Tom. "See how they ride. Ah, my young sirs, those are the fellows who carry consternation into the Rebel camp."

The boys acting more on quick glances and Rodney bit his lip.

"Certainly a ride well," he said, with a rapid look at his employer. "I have seen them before."

At this nature Master Joram waved his hand at Colonel Simcoe who responded with a military salute at the head of the column passed on.

The boys remained at the door.

"Is there to be a meeting tonight?" inquired Tom Clover. "We may have some important news from the transports in South is still at large and Cunningham, the jailer, is on the city for his scalp."

"I'll be there, Tom," said Rodney. Just now I have to fix General Knyphausen's watch."

"So you are fixing the watch of the Hessian officer," exclaimed Tom, with a little laugh. "I almost call that working for King George."

"It's not far from it, Tom. Of course no patriots bring their watches to Master Joram's shop."

"That's the way with their saddles," answered Tom curtly. "They retain them to our shop because they know that my master is for the King. The other day General Howe's orderly came in with the General's saddle and I had to repair it. I wish I could have cut the girths so as to let the General down in the dirt at the next review."

"That would have been a good joke!" laughed Rodney May. "But Master Joram is calling as he always does, so I'll have to go back to the bench. I'll see you tonight, Tom."

With this the boys separated and Rodney was soon seated at his work-bench. Beside him stood Master Joram with his gold spectacles astride his hawk-like nose, looking down upon the elegant timepiece which the young apprentice was repairing.

"They haven't caught that Rebel Captain yet," said Jotham Joram. "They've pinioned the whole city and the advertisements will surely get him."

"Where do they think he is?" asked Rodney, without looking up from his work.

"I suppose some Rebel has hid him," was the reply. "It will be a sorry day for the traitor if we catch him. Here's one of the small advertisements," and the jeweler placed before Rodney a sheet of paper which bore the following words:

"FIFTY POUNDS REWARD!"

"The above sum will be paid the person or persons who give the undersigned information leading to the recapture of the Rebel, Captain South, who escaped from prison in this city. Any person who harbors, or in any way assists the said Rebel will be arrested and punished to the full extent of military law. It is the King's intention to put down, at any cost, rebellion in North America and Rebels will hereby take notice that South is an audacious offender and must be brought to justice. He can not escape. Lodge any and all information with Captain Cunningham, keeper of the military prison, and under no circumstances give aid and comfort to any escaped rebel. By order of

"By command of His Excellency,
"WILLIAM HOWE."

Rodney read the above advertisement with a smile which he was careful not to let his employer see.

"What are they doing the game, don't you think, Master Rodney?" chuckled Jotham. "Captain Cunningham will look every nook and cranny of the city and the Rebel will be dragged forth."

Rodney bent to his task and heard Master Joram walk away. The boy kept on while he had the watch apart, after which he hung it on a brass hook over the bench and turned around. The jeweler was busy at the other end of the shop and did not see him.

At this moment a light footstep fell upon Rodney's ears, and he saw a handsomely dressed young girl enter the shop. She walked to the show case in which some rings were displayed and began to admire them. The young watchmaker brushed his apron and went over to her. She was known throughout the city as the only child of Isaac Gale, the richest Tory, and she was as beautiful as she could be, with soft, dark eyes and a rosy complexion.

"I would like to look at some rings," said the young miss, when she came into Rodney's face, and the boy forthwith took out a tray and placed it before her.

At sound of her voice Master Joram dropped his paper and came forward.

"How is your father, Miss Priscilla?" he inquired with a bow. "I hope he is in excellent health."

"In fair health, Master Joram," responded the Tory's daughter, with a look back, you know, and——"

"Ah, the fashionable disease," broke in the jeweler. "Are you looking for a ring, my dear?"

"Your clerk can show me, I am sure," was the reply, at which Master Joram went back to his chair.

For some little time the pretty miss tried on one ring after another, declaring that it seemed to her notion. She did not seem in a hurry to be suited.

"What is the latest news?" she suddenly asked, dropping her voice almost to a whisper as she stole a look at Rodney. "I haven't been out of the house for two whole days. We entertained a dozen the last night and papa drank quite a little too much for his own good. It aggravated his trouble."

"There is really no news," said Rodney. "I should think you heard some last night since you helped to entertain Master Joram."

Miss Priscilla gave an arch smile which still further enhanced her good looks.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "General Howe did not let out a star which does not fly," she however, that he was going to give his army some hot work. I think he had just received information from one of his spies that the Rebels, as he called Washington's men, were not exactly in a whack."

"Did he intimate who the spy was?" ventured the young watchmaker.

"Not in so many words," was the response. "But, you must know who General Howe's most reliable spy is supposed to be."

"Peter Peeps, eh?"

"Yes, the very person," said the girl. "I think this ring will do," she went on in a louder tone, for Master Joram was approaching. "If you will put this one aside for me I will call for it tomorrow."

"Wrap it up for the young lady now, Rodney," said the jeweler, "and charge it to my account."

"Thank you, Master Joram," cried Miss Gale. "You are very kind, I assure you."

At this the old man bowed and Rodney proceeded to place the ring in a little velvet-lined box which he placed in her hands.

"Tell your father," he went on, "that we are on track of the audacious Captain South, who lately escaped from Cunningham's bastile, and that he will soon be locked up in durance again."

"I'm sure that will be good news for papa," laughed the young miss, as she placed the purchase in her bead reticule. "It will make him well once more."

With this and another glance at Rodney she turned on her dainty heel and tripped lightly out of the shop.

"There goes the prettiest girl in Philadelphia!" exclaimed Master Joram, admiringly. "If all hearts were like hers it would not be long before every Rebel would be swinging to a bough."

"And the King would soon have no rebellious subjects," put in Rodney, as, hoping for a reward for his words, he went back to his work-bench.

He had just picked up another piece of work when a man stormed into the shop and accosted its proprietor in a loud tone of voice.

"What are we coming to?" he cried, his face as red as a lobster's back. "Must the King's authority be defied everywhere?"

"What has happened now, Master Jacks?" exclaimed the jeweler.

"Enough, I should think," was the response. "In the first place, Captain South is still at large and some of the placards offering rewards for his arrest have been defaced."

Jotham Joram's face went pale.

"I can hardly believe the latter indignity," he stammered.

"It's a fact," roared Jacks. "Some person or persons who ought to grace the gallows has written sentiments of disloyalty across the placards and the said words are signed 'Minute Boys of Liberty.'"

"It is outrageous!" cried Master Joram.

Rodney averted his face and a smile of intense glee overspread it.

CHAPTER II.

THE SPY.

Several hours after the events just recorded, in a large and elegant house on High street, known as General Howe's headquarters, at that officer and some of his generals. Howe looked somewhat like Washington, with his and another glance at Rodney tion, for he was a large, tall man, well proportioned, and handsome. With him were General Knyphausen, the Dutchman, and Colonel Simcoe, the famous commander of the Queen's Rangers.

"When do you expect the spy, General?" asked Simcoe.

"He should be here now," replied Howe.

"Yes, he comes not will be he like?" inquired Knyphausen, as he shifted his pipe.

"Oh!" exclaimed General Howe, "you will know him, no doubt, for he will admit him at once."

Just then there arose a great tumult in the hallway beyond the door and the loud voice of a man was heard.

"Let me in!" said the voice. "I've got business with General Howe and you've no right to detain me."

"But you're drunk," said the voice of the sentry in the hall. "I can't let you in."

"I'll break the door down, you red-coated rascal."

"If you try it I'll give you the bayonet."

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed General Knyphausen, throwing up his fat hands. "Don't let dat drunken man in here, shenerals."

At that moment there was a heavy kick on the door and a noise as if the guard had been thrown against the wall. Then the door was jerked open and a man almost fell headlong into the room.

Simcoe smiled while Knyphausen leaped from his chair and drew his sword in rage, his face as red as a beet and his little eyes flashing. If he had not been checked by General Howe he would have rushed upon the unarmed man and given him a heavy kick with the weapon.

"Stop, General!" cried the strange man, righting himself as a comical expression overspread his face, "you've got company, I see."

"Yes, Peter," replied Howe, recognizing the man. "So you've come at last. I expect you in this strange guise."

"Well, of all things!" said Knyphausen, staring at the man who was Peter Peeps, the British spy. "Der next time I see him I'll knock him down."

When the excitement had cooled down a little Peter seated himself and began to took off one of his shoes. Loosening the sole a trifle with the point of his knife he took a piece of thin paper which he spread out on the table.

"I've not been idle, General," said he, addressing General Howe. "Here is a map of Washington's camp at Valley Forge with all his troops." And in his queer voice he proceeded to explain the map.

Peter Peeps was 5 feet 10, 40, small, but with the strength of a lion. He was the most trusted of all the King's spies and a reward had been set upon his head by the American army. He had been in the shadow of the gallows, but good fortune had attended him and he had effected his escape.

While he was explaining his map the door opened and Colonel Cunningham, keeper of the military prison, came in. This worthy was standing, looking over Peter's shoulders while his eyes got a new light.

"I would like to use you, Peter," said Cunningham. "I've got important work for you."

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"What sort of work?" asked the spy.

"My most important prisoner has escaped. The casually Captain Scuth is at large and is, I believe, still in the city concealed by the Rebels. More than this, there is a dangerous organization in our midst known as the Minute Boys of Liberty. These young scamps have evidently been some of the prisoners that have been posted offering a reward for the capture of the prisoner, and they must be suppressed."

"Captain Cunningham is right, Peter," remarked General Howe. "We must look after this youthful band of traitors."

"Oh," said Peter, with a shake of his head, "I don't think I shall have to look very long."

"Good, Peter"

"Yes you find 'em," put in Knyphausen, "turn 'em over to me an' I'll hang 'em all," grinned the Dutch general.

At this Colonel Simcoe laughed.

"You must catch your rabbit before you skin him," said he. "This has been my experience with young Rebels."

General Howe did not take any notice of the remarks just made, but looked seriously at his spy.

"You have brought us most important information," said he. "I shall take advantage of it. I am glad to hear you say that you can probably catch the Minute Boys of Liberty. They give me a good deal of annoyance.

"And I have no doubt that they could tell you where Captain Scuth is at this very moment," put in Cunningham. "I won't feel good till I have that fellow behind the bars again."

With this Master Peeps nodded and smiled. He was not pleased at one in the room, and the role he had just assumed had been a hard one for the occasion.

When he left the place he made his way to a well-known coffee house on Race street, where he had selected a cosy corner and ordered a cup of strong coffee.

While he was sipping it and thinking of what he had heard at General Howe's headquarters, a thin-faced man of his own age slipped into the place and took a seat at the same table. Peter looked across the cloth and their eyes met.

"Back again?" said the thin-faced man.

"Yes," sputtered Peter. "What do you know, Thomas?"

"Not very much, but something. Treason is rampant in this city of brotherly love. The Rebels are getting awfully bold."

"Then such news should interest me. I take it?"

"Plenty of them," replied the other, rubbing his hands. "I've found a pretty nest."

"Yes?"

"Yes, by the merest accident I've discovered the rendezvous of the Minute Boys of Liberty."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed Peter, setting down his cup. "This is news indeed, friend Thomas. Now, if you could only find Captain Scuth, the escaped prisoner, you can have the reward."

"One thing at a time, Peter," said Thomas Poor. "I believe that my discovery will lead to the finding of the Rebel."

"Where is this rendezvous of the young wolves?"

"I can't speak it here," was the answer, and the eyes of both men looked around. "There's no telling what Rebel ears may be in hearing distance. But I've got the spot marked. Where have you been, Peter?"

"Oh, I've been hobnobbing with Washington and his Rebels," was the laughing rejoinder. "I've been over from a private call on Howe, where I've opened my budget of information. There'll be something doing one of these days."

"Somebody will be hanged I suppose?"

"Yes, a whole lot of somebodies," was the snappish and cruel reply.

"I don't see how you can get in and out of the Rebel camp, Peter, without being detected."

"Well, this time the Rebels didn't suspect the old woman who peddled berries. It was a good idea of mine, that," said the General Washington some fruit and he thanked me kindly. If he had only known that the old woman was Peter Peeps probable, upsetting its contents on the floor. The spy roared out that he was being killed. Thomas Poor's voice was heard above the din and everything was excitement.

"Where are the soldiers" cried some one.

"Hang the soldiers!" was the reply.

At last the light of the lamp once more filled the place. Such a scene had never been witnessed there. Tables were overturned and their contents littered the floor. The red-faced men-Tories all stood in little pale-faced group and looked bewilderedly on. Here and there was a speechless soldier and against the wall leaned one lone woman about to faint.

Peter Peeps, who was by no means dead, gazed upon the scene with his heart in his throat.

"Where's the young rascal who blew out the light?" suddenly cried the proprietor of the coffee house, as he strode out of the side of the room with a pistol in his hand.

"He's really a boy," asked Thomas Poor.

"Yes. The audacious little scoundrel sat over yonder and threw his hat at the lamp. Where is the young traitor?"

Search was made, the door leading into the street was shut and locked and a minute search was instituted.

"I'll wager my head that it was one of the Minute Boys of Liberty," said Thomas Poor, addressing Peter. "Now, we've got to run those young rascals down before we can have any rest."

"Yes, they've all got to be found out."

Half a block away two boys were standing in the shadows of a building.

"Didn't I hit the mark, Tom?" said one of the youthful couple with a laugh.

"Your hat went as straight to the mark as an Indian arrow," was the reply.

"I got my hat with difficulty, for I had to slip between the legs of a fat old Tory, but I got it just the same. What a rumpus we caused, eh Tom?" and Rodney, the young watchmaker of Philadelphia, leaned back and laughed till his sides shook.

Tom Clover joined in his merriment and presently the two boys walked away, thinking of the rumpus they had created among the Tories in the coffee house, but never dreaming of the peril they would soon be in.

"What is the latest news?"

CHAPTER III.

IN THE KING'S NAME.

Entirely different was a certain house in Buttonwood street from the mansion occupied by General Howe during his stay in the Quaker City. The Buttonwood house was not a fine affair, just a common, well-built roomy structure, not unlike many other houses in the city.

On the night that witnessed the affair of the coffee house, five well-grown boys might have been seen wending their way to the pass gate mentioned. They approached the house separately, but all arrived on the premises at almost the same moment and were admitted by a woman whose sharp eyes inspected each as she opened the door.

On the right of the wide hallway a door led into a large old-fashioned parlor, in the center of which was an oval table.

The five boys were Rodney May, the young watchmaker, Tom Clover and three others named Reuben Slack, Timothy White and Dallas Carver, all young patriots, willing at any time to lay down their lives in the cause of liberty.

Rodney and Tom had not recovered from their fun at the coffee house, and the former, before they proceeded to business, detailed the adventure much to the merriment of the others.

"It was the most fun I've had in a fortnight," said Rodney. "You should have heard the rumpus we kicked up among the Tories. When I dodged between the old fellow's legs in search of my hat I let out a cry that would have done credit to a wild Indian, and sprawled on the floor, so I don't know how he fared after that for Tom and I were on the street by the time the light was relit, but I'll warrant he'll keep away from the coffee house for some time."

"My experience," put in Tom, "was a little different from Rodney's. I ran plump into a man who had risen from a chair, and we went to the floor together. Somehow or other I got hold of his wig and held it in my hand when we reached the street."

"What sort of a wig was it, Tom?" asked Dallas.

"A red one."

"I'll warrant it belonged to Master Moonus, the old miser on Callowhill street. He frequents the coffee house and wears a red wig. He shouts for King George, but he loves money so that he wouldn't give a shilling to help the King."

"I threw the wig into the gutter," said Tom, with a smile, "and if Master Moonus wants it he can find it there."

"Now," resumed Rodney, solemnly, "we will proceed to business. We know, of course, that Peter Peeps, the spy, is back in the city and reaches are to enter General Howe's mansion to report, no doubt, that Cunningham was also seen to enter the same house and he thinks of nothing now but the escape of Captain Scuth, the patriot."

"Is the Captain still safe?" asked Timothy.

"Yes," answered Tom. "I saw him but an hour ago and he is still occupying the old retreat. And it will take sharper eyes than Butcher Cunningham's to find him."

"I hope so," remarked Dallas.

Of course, as the reader has doubtless suspected ere this, the boys had instituted the league known as the Minute Boys of Liberty, and already Rodney, Tom and Tom were apprentized to Tory masters, but this did not abate their love for liberty and their efforts in the sacred cause.

"If nothing happens," said Rodney, "Captain Scuth will have his retreat tomorrow night for General Washington's lines. His is in danger every moment of his stay in the city, for now that Peter Peeps is back he will be set on the Captain's trail and he will not leave a single stone unturned to secure him. If Captain South falls back into the hands of the infamous Cunningham he will be put to death, for that rascal is furious and knows no mercy. We have a friend in Miss Priscilla Gale, who is on "the inside" and who will help us all she can. Her Tory father recently entertained

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General Howe and she told me what the General said about certain movements against Washington."

"Mistress Gale is true blue," cried Tom, admiringly. "Her father can never turn her for the King."

At that juncture the door opened almost noiselessly and the woman who had admitted the boys looked in. There was anxiety on her face.

"What is it, Mistress Foster?" asked Tom.

"Three men have just passed the house, looking searchingly at it," was the reply in low tones.

"What were they like?"

"I could not see their faces for they kept them muffled."

Mistress Foster looked at one another.

"One of the men came back after awhile and gave the door another look," continued the woman.

"Is it possible that we have been watched?" exclaimed Reuben.

"Of course I can't say," answered Mrs. Foster. "There are so many people in the city now whom we dare not trust——"

"Thousands of them," interrupted Rodney. "I heard General Knyphausen say when he bought his watch to the effect that they were going to suppress patriotism in Philadelphia if it took every British soldier here."

"Well, it will take them all and more too," cried Dallas.

The woman now withdrew and the boys put their heads together for the perfecting of the plans to get the hunted Captain out of the city. It was a piece of strategy and daring as all knew and if they should be discovered their young lives might pay the forfeit.

It was finally decided that Captain South should be secretly taken from his retreat near the river and ferried across the river the following night under disguise, and the boys were ready to play their dangerous parts. "By the way, I have a little news," said Reuben Slack, who was a chandler's son.

"Out with it, Reuben."

"As I entered the market this very morning I saw Mother Hawks in close confab with—whom do you think, boys?"

The others shook their heads and waited for their companion to proceed.

She stood in one corner of the market house talking in low tones to Badman Flook."

"What, with that rascal!" cried Rodney, with a little start. "Master Flook has pretended to be with us, but he is not. He is brother-in-law to Peter Peeps, and I have no doubt that he is a spy the same as Peter. Mother Hawks is Tory to the bone and she wouldn't be seen talking to a patriot. What did you hear them say, Reuben?"

"I couldn't hear much, for Mother Hawks seemed to be watching me out of her little rat-like eyes, but I heard the words 'Minute Boys of Liberty,' and then she whispered the rest of the sentence. She lives on this street, you know."

"Yes, near the end of it."

"I saw her count her fingers, and what seemed to be ten rings on them," continued Reuben, "and when she stopped she looked at Badman Flook, and said: 'That's the house; you can't miss it.'"

Fear and consternation for a moment sat enthroned on the faces of the listeners.

"Do you think she meant this house, Reuben?" asked Rodney.

"I can't say. Master Flook nodded and said something about Peter coming back soon."

"That old hag is a vulture!" cried Dallas. "She is spying for the King all the time and it was she who poached on the three men last month and got them cooped up in Cunningham's Castle."

"I'd like to wring her weasened neck!" exclaimed Timothy, clinching his fist. "One of these days I'll get the best of her. She eyed me like a hawk the other day and I turned and faced her 'till she had her look out."

"Well, boys, perhaps we'd best disperse now," remarked Rodney. "I will meet you at the river at ten tomorrow night and then we'll carry out our designs."

"Keep an eye on Captain Cunningham," admonished Tom.

"And two eyes on Peter Peeps," said Dallas.

"You know that the Queen's Rangers are back once more?" Rodney said. "They made a gallant show on Chestnut today."

"And the loudest cheer they got came from Isaac Gale, the old Tory and Priscilla's father."

The boys now rose to their feet and the light was about to be extinguished when heavy footsteps were heard in front of the house.

The next moment the door flew open and the pale face of Mrs. Foster appeared in consternation.

"There are soldiers at the door!" she almost screamed.

The boys of Liberty looked at one another, but did not speak.

Their gaze was interrupted by a loud knocking and the next moment a frightened cry.

The heavy rapping was repeated.

"Open the door!" cried a strong voice which rang through the house like a knell of doom.

Instantly the light went out and the boys were enveloped in darkness.

There was startling pounding on the door and cries of "Open in the King's name!"

"Open, in the King's name!" cried the same terrible voice. "It is death to resist."

"I know that voice," said the voice of Rodney, and there was not a tremor in it. "Tiger" Cunningham is out there and he is backed by the Hessian men."

"And no doubt Peter Peeps is not far away," said Tom. "They'll be breaking the door in soon. Where is Mistress Foster?"

"The poor woman is frightened to death," Reuben cried. "We must not compromise her if we can help."

The boys drew toward the hall as strokes of musket butts assailed the door, which seemed to tremble on its hinges. It was a moment calculated to bring fear to the bravest cheeks.

"Open the door!" roared the same fearful tones. "Open, in the name of the King!"

The boys hastened to the rear of the hall and stood there in the darkness as the sounds rattled in their ears. The din was now fearful.

"Into the garden," cried Rodney. "The door can't long withstand such pounding. There it goes! The lock is broken——"

At that moment the heavy portal, wrenched from its hinges, tottered and fell inward. Cries of exultation followed this.

"Quick!" exclaimed the young watchmaker. "It is now or never!"

Into the hall leaped half a dozen British soldiers falling over the prostrate door and filling the air with oaths.

"Don't let a single rat escape!" vociferated Captain Cunningham. "We've got them all trapped and now for the hanging."

The fallen soldiers picked themselves up as soon as possible and rushed forward. At that moment a door at the end of the hall opened and closed. The foremost dragoon brought up against it with a cry and recoiled. A bolt on the other side of the portal had been shot into its place, and the next instant five muskets were hammering the door like mad.

The continuation of this thrilling story of Revolutionary days will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

An Obvious Deduction.

The extremely portly and pompous Mr. Trigget, whose weight, roughly estimated, may come within 325 pounds, was out walking with his small grandson a few days ago. The latter was consumed by an intense thirst for information, and, after asking a series of unanswerable questions, he inquired casually:

"Say, grandpa, what is we all made of?"

This question the grandfather, being thoroughly orthodox, felt qualified to answer, and he replied:

"We are made of the dust of the earth, my child."

"My child" maintained silence for a few minutes; then commented thoughtfully:

"It must have made an awful big hole where they took you out, grandpa."

Everybody's Pianoe.

"They say she has been engaged more than twenty times."

"That's right. She was never known to turn down anything but the gas."

Deserved to Be Made to Eat It.

Maud surprised her husband last night with her first loaf of bread.

"Indeed! and what did he say?"

He said: "This is no podder."

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CONTRARY MARY.

You've heard of Mary, Mary
Who was always so contrary,
But I'm sure you never heard of what she did
When she married Jack the Baker
Who was brave enough to take her,
For they said she never did as she was bid.

But he said "I'll be all kindness,
To her faults I'll be all blindness,
And I'm sure we'll be as happy as can be."
So he bought a house to please her
And he bought a grand piano
And she said "I'd rather live upon a tree."

Then he bought a grand piano
And she said, "You foolish man, O
I'd rather have a pleasant new balloon."
And he bought a satin jacket
And a purple tennis racket
And she said "I'd rather have a rubber spoon."

He bought a pancake turner
And she said that it would burn her,
And he bought a set of Shakespeare for a song.
But she said "This trash is silly
For the reads about is filthy
And I'd rather have a motor good and strong."

"Do you mean to say you don't know what you are?" asked the old woman.

"No. I haven't the least idea," he replied.

"Then you must be a goose!" she cried.

"Thank you," said the donkey. "I'm much obliged," and he went on his way saying to himself:

"Now, to think that I'm really a goose and never knew it! I wonder why I can't seem to flap my wings. Perhaps I shall be able to if I keep on trying."

So he went on a while longer trying to flap his wings and attempting to quack, until quite by accident he stepped right into a small river that a rather rude little boy was building by the wayside.

"Look out, mister!" cried the little boy, indignantly.

"Oh, excuse me!" said the donkey. "Well, to think that I'm a lobster, after all!" he said to himself, going on. "The old lady must have been mistaken. I suppose if I'm a lobster I ought to go into the water and have a swim."

So he made his way down to the seashore and waded into the water, after swimming about for little time he decided that he really should not like to live in the water permanently, and so he waded back to the shore and lay down to rest.

"I hardly think I'm a lobster," he said. "I don't feel as if I could pinch any one

THE TROUBLE.

Charlie Caterpillar—"That old worm's getting to be a worse grouch every day."

Billie Bug—"No wonder! Most anybody'd be kind o' crabbed if they'd lived in a crab apple as long as he has!

Then he gave her all his money
And he hoped to see her sunny
For his present was enough to make her so.
But she said, "Oh, dear, you're acting
In a way that's most distracting.
For my tastes are very simple, as you know."

Then he said, "Oh, Mary, Mary,
What makes you so contrary?"
And she said, "Because I have to rhyme,
you see.
It's quite an imposition
And it's spoiled my disposition,
But it's Mother Goose who fixed it so for me."

"Then I know what I will do!
I will call you Susan Sue!"
Cried her husband in a shout of rapture
gay.
So they changed her name completely,
And it made them live sweetly,
And she loves the things he buys her every
day.

What, He Was.

There was once a donkey that didn't know he was a donkey. In fact he didn't know what he was because he had no relatives or friends to tell him, and no mirrors to look in. So he used to sit and think.

"I wonder what I am, anyhow? I don't believe I am a bird, and I don't feel exactly as if I were a cow, and I can't bark like a dog. I really don't know what I am."

At last one day he made up his mind to go out into the world and find out what he was. So he set forth briskly, determined to talk to every one along the way. After he had gone a little distance he met an old woman picking up sticks.

"Excuse me," he said, "but should you mind telling me what I am?"

except with my mouth, and lobsters don't pinch that way."

When he was quite dry he walked up the beach and was pleased to find a nice bag of red apples.

"This is just what I want after my swim," he said. "And I'm perfectly sure I'm not a lobster because lobsters don't eat apples."

When he had finished two or three a little girl in a blue dress came running down the beach.

"Those are my apples! Go away!" she cried.

"Oh, excuse me!" said the donkey. "But before I go would you mind telling me what I am?"

"You're a pig! That's what you are!" cried the little girl, and she ran away.

"Dear me," said the donkey, as he walked sorrowfully away, "what a disappointment! I'm sure I'm neither a goose, or even a lobster. And I'm afraid I must be a pig as well, because pigs know pigs eat apples!"

He went on for some little while after that, until he came to a beautiful big house in the midst of large grounds. There were some pretty children playing outside. At first the donkey was afraid to go near them.

"I'm sure they don't allow pigs in such a beautiful place," he said.

At last, however, he grew courageous enough to put his nose inside the gate. At that one of the children ran toward him shouting, "Oh, see the darling little gray donkey!"

"Sure enough, it's a donkey," said the old gardener, who was standing near gathering flowers.

"To think of that!" exclaimed the donkey. "And I believe they are right. Somehow the name seems to fit me exactly. I really believe I am a donkey."

And in time he was sure of it. He stayed with the children, who kept him as their own special pet, and they always spoke of him as their own dear, precious donkey.

VACATION DAYS.

When Johnnie comes to grandma's house
The old Tower runs away.
The kitten climbs the apple tree and
stays up there all day.
The chickens in the barnyard are fluttered as can be—
They don't approve of little boys, as any one can see.

And many a night before he comes poor
Nora lies awake
Deviling, hiding places for the things
that he might break.
The jam and jelly's sure to be up on the
highest shelf.
But grandma gets them down sometimes
by help him hang himself.

When Johnnie comes to grandma's house
there's mud upon the floor
And thumb prints on the banisters and
grease on every door.
The house is always upside down the
whole time he is there,
Poor Nora sighs and wonders why dear
grandma doesn't care.

But when at last that boy's in bed and
everything is still,
Old Tower leaves the barn and Tabby
ventures forth at will.
'Tis then the much-abused arm chair
finds Bolo comfort in the dark
With the old clock in the corner, standing there so stiff and stark.

"I'm quite worn out," she limply sighs;
"I'm glad once that's gone and Johnnie, John,
Came out from town I've been at times
to visit mostly all year round.
"It beats my time," the clock replies,
"I wonder grandpa puts folks do.
It wasn't so in my day. What's the world a-coming to?"

And the cause of all the trouble—do you
think like rascal sees?
Is miles away in Slumber Land in his
little trundle bed.
But grandma says when she goes in to
tuck the blankets down,
"Dear, dear, we will be lonesome when
that boy goes back to town."
—Dolliestor.

Pretending.

Little Margaret had a vivid imagination that she was never at a loss for entertainment. Any five minutes enough to start her off on a charming play. It did not matter that she had no sisters or brothers and hardly any playmates.

One day she said to her mother: "Mommy, Mary Jane, Pretty Polly and Violet Ann was coming to play with me."

Soon they came, and Margaret's greeting her invisible company with beautiful courtesy. She described to her mother just how they looked and how they were dressed.

Little Miss Margaret nearly every day, always dressed the same, and always wearing the same clothes. Such jolly little friends they were! They said the brightest things and Margaret screamed with laughter as she repeated to her mother the merry jokes.

Later Christmas Margaret found upon the tree three wonderful dolls. One was dressed in blue, the other in pink and the last in violet.

"Those," explained mother, "are Mary Jane, Pretty Polly and Violet Ann, and will not be obliged to make believe any more."

For one moment Margaret stared at her mother in blank amazement. Did she, could she think that any real dolls could replace those beautiful fancy-children? Then the pretty lips quivered and Margaret's curly head bent low.

"Mommy," she sobbed, "take them away. Give them to some little girl that does not know the difference. I would not like to make believe. Those are not my dear children; they are only dolls. The others are real."

WHERE THE SUN SHINES.

Down at Aunt Priscilla's, where I often
go to stay,
The sun is always shining bright, no
matter what the day.
It may be pouring torrents, out-of-doors,
from cloudy skies—
The sun is always shining in my Aunt
Priscilla's eyes.
No wonder that the neighbors say, when
Aunt Priscilla's gone,
"She always makes the world look bright,
and drives away the pains."

But when to Aunt Keturah's home I go
to pass a week,
She is so very fussy that I hardly dare
to speak.
She scolds the servants all the time and
tells them what to do,
She never lets her visitors do one thing
that they please.
It's very cloudy all the day when Aunt
Keturah's near;
The merry sunshine never comes—I believe not once a year.

That something's wrong is very plain;
and I've resolved to try
To stand and gaze on what there's time,
like Aunt Priscilla Fry.
I'll keep the corner of my mouth turned
up in smiles so sweet
That all the people, young and old, I
meet upon the street
Will think the day is brighter just because of all that boy
Has shown, in greeting every one, a heart that's full of joy.

Mount Pilatus.

In Switzerland the peak of Mount Pilatus is said to be haunted by a ghost called Pontius Pilate, Roman governor of Jerusalem. The story is told that Pilate was banished to the wild lands in the north of the Roman empire and came to this mountain, where he threw himself from a crag into a lofty lake. The ghost appears once a year, in the formal robes of a Roman governor, and the person that sees it is doomed to die within the year.